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GRACE GEORGE AS MARIE ANTOINETTE

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Editorial

Wanted: A Repertory Theatre

LAST month, on this page, while attempting to account for the recent extraordinarily large crop of failures on the New York stage, we insisted, and still insist, that the direct responsibility for these abortive offerings lies with the respective theatre managers who, with only few exceptions, are speculators, real estate men, persons entirely lacking any real knowledge of, or taste for, the beautiful art they pretend to serve.

Why is the percentage of theatrical failures far lower in Europe? Why is the standard of European plays so much higher? Why is the average European player a better actor than his American *confrère*? This is not saying that we have no good actors. We are speaking now of averages, not of conspicuous individual ability, which will assert itself no matter how unfavorable the surrounding soil. There can be no question that, as an impersonator of types and delineator of character, the European trained actor is superior to the American player, who is too often content to merely impersonate himself.

To what is this difference due? Solely to the fact that here the conduct of the theatre is left to private enterprise and speculation, while in Europe it is given the dignity of State support. Government recognition of the theatre as one of the fine arts has not only created and maintained a high standard in playwriting and in public taste, but it has also trained the individual actor, fostered talent, developed genius, discouraged and discountenanced the mediocre and the commonplace.

There is only one way in which the standard can be raised in this country, only one way in which public taste can be improved, only one way in which the art of acting—long in its decline—can be rescued from disappearing altogether. That is by restoring the old time stock company, by establishing in New York City a permanent repertory, or stock theatre—a playhouse that shall be an oasis in the present desert of theatrical mediocrity, a theatre assisted financially so it shall be wholly free from box office considerations and influences, a theatre where the young American actor and actress, properly trained in a stimulating, artistic atmosphere, would find an opportunity to give full rein to his or her talent, and where the plays provided would represent the drama at its very best.

There have been several attempts in this direction. Some of us remember the Theatre of Arts and Letters organized in 1890 by a group of *litterati* including Frank R. Stockton, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Brander Matthews, *et al.*, all of whom thought they had a dramatic message to deliver, with the result of dreary performances in Wallack's barn-like theatre at 30th street and Broadway, that succeeded only in arousing the derision of the scoffers. And we may pass over in silence the later sorry experience of the New Theatre—an unhappy experiment made by a group of Wall Street men more fond of studying the stock ticker than of studying Ibsen. The Washington Square Players, a group of young enthusiasts, succeeded for several seasons in producing interesting plays free from the box office taint, but their field was restricted largely to the production of short, unusual pieces after the manner of the Grand Guignol in

Paris, something entirely out of the scope of a repertory theatre. The nearest approach to the ideal, perhaps, is the Theatre Guild. There we have what is virtually a stock company, organized on a co-operative plan. In the selection of its plays and the high merit of its performances the Theatre Guild has met with signal and well deserved success. Yet again that is a production theatre—not a repertory house. The bill is not likely to be changed frequently while the current attraction still has power to draw.

The crying need of this city is a theatre to offset the harm done the drama by the speculative type of theatre—with its plethora of bedroom farces, its vulgar, suggestive girl shows, its hurried, slipshod productions—a theatre where a high standard shall be maintained, where the bill shall be changed frequently, perhaps once a week or more often, where correct English shall be spoken, where the classics as well as modern plays shall be given, with casts as nearly perfect as it is humanly possible to make them, and staged with the best the resources of modern scenic art can offer. Such a theatre would at once establish a standard and form a training school for new generations of players still to come.

What are the difficulties in the way of opening such a theatre on Broadway? The first difficulty is the matter of endowment. There would have to be sufficient financial backing to at once make the theatre absolutely independent of the box office. The merit of the play must not be gauged only by the money it takes in. A lecherous "leg show" will play to capacity while Shakespeare starves, so public taste—supposed to be the unfailing barometer—does not serve accurately as a criterion. A repertory theatre should not be attempted unless it is guaranteed, like opera and symphony orchestras; and it should be guaranteed only by people who really love the theatre. After the guarantee is obtained it would be necessary to select a director who knows and considers the business, as well as the art, side of the organization, one who would make every penny expended count in the finished product.

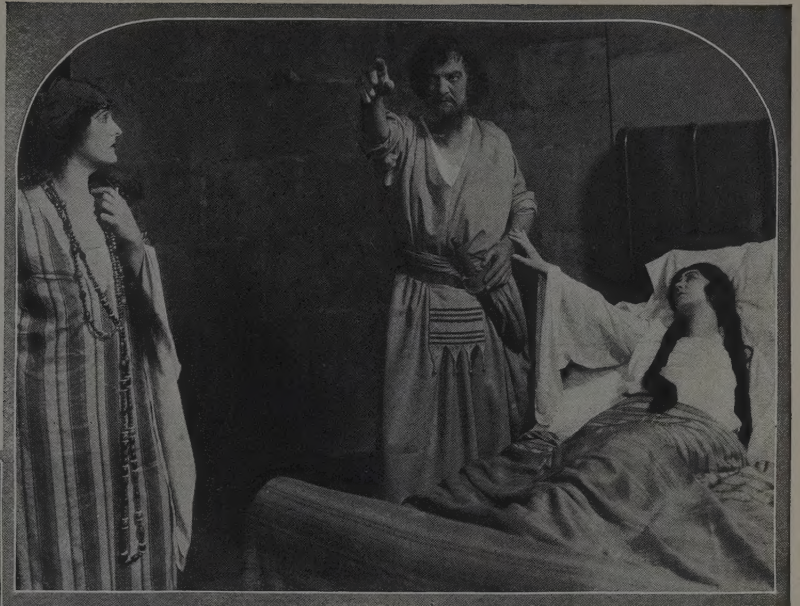
The proposed theatre ought to be on a sound financial basis by which its existence is assured for at least two and preferably five years. A capital say of \$350,000 should mean the very best of results. It is only after five years that one can really say whether or not a big institution is a success, or failure, provided, of course, that the initial steps have been wise and the organization well-made and the building adequate. Only a big institution is worth-while.

Where is the man who has demonstrated his ability to conduct such a theatre? Several names suggest themselves. Perhaps one is enough. There is Stuart Walker, for instance. Mr. Walker's success with the Portmanteau Theatre and more recently his successful organization of the Indianapolis stock theatre, points to him as a promising candidate for the directorship of such an organization. There is also Frank Reicher, who has been equally successful in directing the destinies of the Theatre Guild. And, of course, there is Robert Milton.

Is there not in this great city of New York some man of wealth who loves the theatre well enough, and with civic pride enough, to make such a theatre a practical realization?

Rachel (Thais Lawton); *Mathathias* (Tyrone Power); *Judith* (Helen Ware)
Mathathias: "As surely as He comes this way, I will go to spit on him!"

Joanne De Beaudricourt (Miriam Lewes);
The Unknown Knight (Tyrone Power)
 "I live and shall live to burn your lips
 with mine until no breath is left to kiss
 you with"

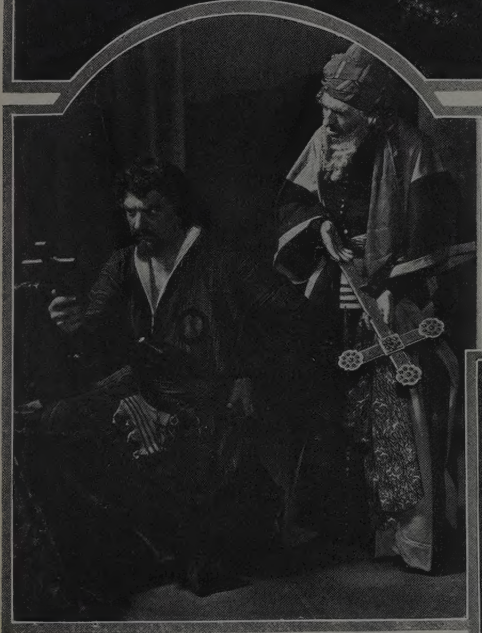


Matteos finds
 blessed deliverance
 in death

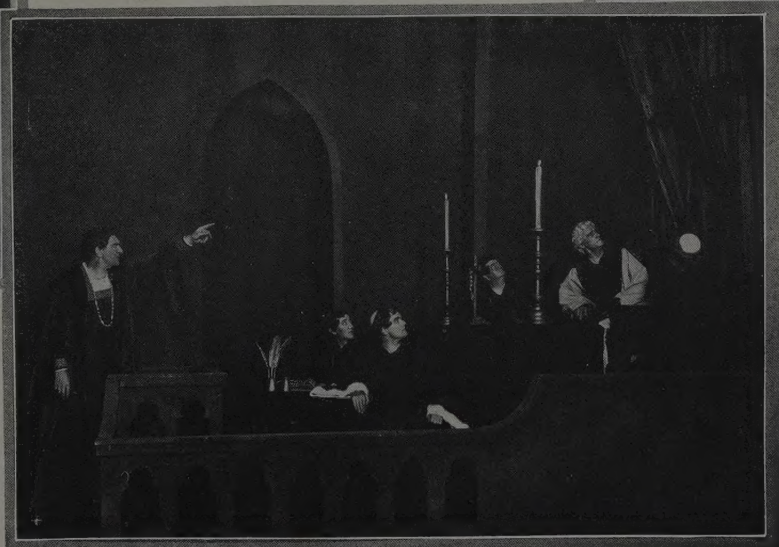


Matteo Battadio (Tyrone Power),
 and *Andrea Michelotti* (Albert
 Bruning)

Andrea: "You are a strange man,
 Matteo! Where are the places your
 feet have never touched?"



Matteos (Tyrone Power);
Judge (Howard Lang);
Matteos: "It would be hard
 for Christ to know His own if
 He should come again"



Photos White

SCENES FROM "THE WANDERING JEW" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER
 P L A Y S T O L D I N P I C T U R E S

Casting A Play

Trials and Tribulations of the Dramatist When Seeking Types to Fit His Characters

By COSMO HAMILTON

Author of "Scandal," "The Silver Fox," etc.

AFTER the keen delight and amusement of building into a play an idea surrounded by characters—an idea that sometimes comes into one's head as an inspiration, but is more often the development of an old idea, and characters that are not infrequently drawn from one's friends and enemies; after the adventure of entering into a contract with a manager for its production and the many wrangles which precede this almost entirely unnecessary process—a contract is made to be broken—comes the difficult and trying business of casting the play, of endeavoring to discover the doubles of the men and women who have been made to live in the plot and who have become to one as real and as human as the people among whom one lives and has one's being. And it is at this moment that the names of every living actor and actress go clean out of one's head.

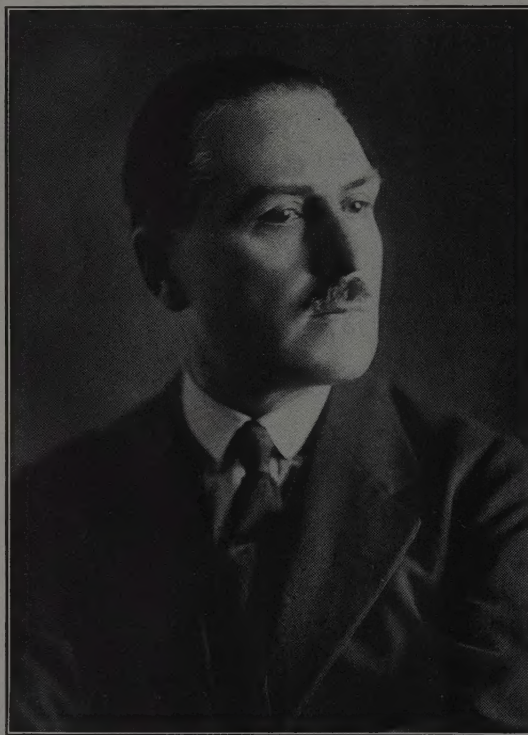
TO swing into the personal pronoun, for a change, I have always found that the minds of most managers become as blank as mine does when the "who can we get" period is arrived at finally—always excepting, of course, the manager who has got several totally unsuitable artists on his weekly pay sheet, generally stars who are invariably unsuitable, and sees a chance to make something suitable to them even if the play is ruined in the process. More plays have been sent to the storehouse by twisting a play to fit a star than pedestrians have been sent to hospitals by the reckless driving in the streets. Hitch your wagon to a star if you find that you have run out of petrol, but place your play into the hands of those who have never achieved electrics.

This is the agent's opportunity—the man who spends his life in an office alive with members of the profession, in crowded rooms hung thickly with their photographs. Over he comes, cheerful and smiling, the parent, poetically speaking, of a large and eager family, bringing with him his typed list of available talent, tabulated according to salary and reputation. With the air of a good fairy and the self-confidence of a tennis champion, he goes over all these names, enthusiastically, his pencil a wand. All his geese are swans and all his swans, or nearly all, are geese. "Smile, damn you!" he seems to say, "your troubles are at an end. I am Autolycus, and among my wares there are nothing but artists. Gloom no more, O dramatist! I am Pollyanna." He wasn't the optimistic frog who, falling into a pail of milk, was found next morning on a pat of butter. He was an agent.

The consultation begins. He is told that the actor required for the leading part must

not be older than thirty-five; that he must be tall, thin, good-looking, civilized, able to look like a distinguished lawyer who has built a home for himself on Long Island, and been a widower for a year and who went from Lawrenceville to Princeton or from Pomfret to Yale. If he can convey the immediate impression of having had a father and mother

the definite promise that the very people shall be in the office at 2:30 the following day. So far, so good. Even the manager, who has been through these things so often, sees light at the end of the tunnel. Hope springs eternal even in his breast. At 2:35, then, on the afternoon in question, the "very actor" for the leading part is personally conducted into the office by the still more cheerful agent—and it is instantly discovered that he is not a day under fifty-one, although, maybe, a most admirable fifty-one, easily mistaken with his back to the light for forty-one; that he is short, plump, good-natured, provincial, who would be superbly right if cast for a prosperous drummer travelling for sewing machines. "How do you do! So glad to see you. Er . . ."



White

COSMO HAMILTON

who spent all their summers at Bar Harbor and their winters in Park Avenue, so much the better. And if, by some subtle gesture or expression, he can make it quite plain to the audience that he has read and mastered Wells' Outline of History, he will, indeed, be the ideal man. He is duly informed that the leading lady must be played by an actress of great experience who is actually under twenty-four, fair, slight, charming and, although not a raving beauty, at any rate extremely pretty and enchanting; who has the inestimable gift of announcing the fact that she was born at One East 65th Street, by her poise, profile, accent and manner of eating asparagus.

These details take a certain amount of time and emphasis and repetition to make clear. But is the agent alarmed? Oh, dear, no! He is never alarmed, never perturbed, never in the least nonplussed. Many notes are made, great optimism and assurance prevails and a heartening interview comes to an end with

DURING the awkward and horrible pause that follows, the business smile fades from the agent's beaming face, the Manager is suddenly struck by the marvellous view of the City from his office window, the eyes of the, no doubt, admirable actor go hard and cold and an angel passes over the grave of a "drowned sailor." And then, after a brief, inconclusive chat about the League of Nations, Sinn Fein, Disarmament, and Income Tax, what happens no one remembers. There is movement, mutual showing of teeth, the opening and closing of a door and a strong indignant turn towards the still cheerful agent who is at a loss to understand the amazing failure to recognize in the man who is now ringing the bell for the elevator, the absolute epitome of the type desired. Time has thus been wasted, temper tried, and a very worthy and probably wonderful character actor with a long line of triumphs most unnecessarily humiliated.

At 3:25 or thereabouts—after all, there is a mere hour's difference between 2:30 and 3:25 and unpunctuality is the prerogative of a woman—the "very" actress is ushered in . . . Suffice it to state, that this dear good lady is nothing like it. It is delightful to see her for a few bright words, to listen to her vivid description of a taxi accident and remember how delightfully she played the mother in the play that ran all last season. Any play in which she appears as a mother is the better for her presence and her delicate art. But—what is to be said to her now? Why has she been put to the inconvenience of making this trip from upper New York merely to be gazed at with disappointed eyes and talked to about the weather, the season, and the effect of prohibition upon the Police Force? Apologies, a merry laugh, one blazing look at agent, (Continued on page 60)



Photo Goldberg

C H E S T E R H A L E

This dancer, whose statuesque figure suggests a piece of Grecian sculpture, is the protégé of Pavlowa. He danced with that artist during her long South American tour, and is now one of the ornaments of the "Music Box Revue"



THE reappearance of William J. Hurlbut as author of a Broadway play, recalls memory of a curious drama presented by Olga Nethersole some twelve or fourteen years ago of which our tall playwright was the author. It was entitled, "The Writing on the Wall," and was frankly an attack on a well-known Corporation for maintaining tumble-down, unsafe tenements in New York City and taking rents for them. Hurlbut remarked to the writer of this paragraph at the time, that the play never would be popular, and since it disappeared after a short and intermittent season "on the road" and in New York, evidently he knew what he was talking about. A fact in connection with the play more interesting than the play itself, is that Frank Craven was in the cast, and in the character of a very shrewd, business-like private secretary, made his first really strong impression on Broadway. It was not so long afterward that he broke into stardom, with a comedy of his own authorship for a vehicle.

IT is rather refreshing, after long familiarity with the newly built "intimate" theatres of upper Broadway, with the smell of damp stucco and paint still on them—to go into a regular playhouse of the old-fashioned type like the Bowery Theatre. Every now and then the good old theatre is opened for some special occasion which attracts the blasé Broadwayite. Take the *matinée* performance given by the Italian tragedian, Grasso, a few weeks ago. It seemed to me that he could not have given a satisfactory performance in one of the new-fangled gimcrack theatres, with the much-vaunted "picture-frame" proscenium. What he needed, for the broad art that is his, was a great stage, with plenty of room in the wings, space for an "apron," and the musty, gaseous odor that seemed a guarantee of the glorious illusion of the drama a generation ago. Not that there is any smell of gas in the Bowery Theatre of today. But the suggestion of it is there—to its former habitués, clinging like the odor of sanctity to the cloisters of an ancient monastery. They have changed the name of our dear old theatre—more than once—and I believe it is called the Royal just now. But it will always be the "Bowery" to those who used to love it. You can't destroy the traditions of a revered institution by cheapening it with a new name.

THERE goes a man who has written more plays than Shakespeare," remarked a cynical old actor in the doorway of the

Cohan Theatre Building, as a quick-moving, business-like looking man of more than middle age gave him a passing nod and surged on with the hurried gait of one late for rehearsal. "That's Billy Post," explained the lounging actor. "And when I say he has written so many plays, I do not mean that he has been the sole author, nor, in most cases, has he been even credited with collaboration. All the same, his shrewd contributions to the script have saved many a play from dropping dead in its tracks on the first night—or before. Post has the same sort of theatrical intuitiveness as George M. Cohan and Winchell Smith, so, considering how he has injected the oxygen of real humor or effective dramatic situations, or both, into weak-kneed plays at rehearsal, it is quite fair to say that, to all intents and purposes, he actually has 'written' them. Billy is generally too busy play-doctoring to go into a cast himself. When he does, he always makes his part stand out. Drop into the Longacre Theatre tonight and you'll see . . . Oh, yes, his formal moniker is 'William H. Post,' but most of us call him just 'Billy.'"

THE news recently of the death of Mrs. Charles Calvert cannot but sadden old-time playgoers. English as she was, by birth and early associations, she played so much on this side that she seemed American. She was born in 1835, so, although she was for some time in Edwin Booth's company, she was seen with him only in somewhat mature parts, like Emilia in "Othello," and the Queen in "Hamlet." Lady Macbeth was one of her notable rôles, however. As the Nurse to Mary Anderson's Juliet she shared honors with Mrs. Sol Smith, Mrs. Jones, and other famous Nurses. Although she did one of the young Princes in the Tower to Charles Kean's "Richard," when she was only seven years old, she did not play much in Shakespeare in her younger days. She was better known then, as a singularly graceful and agile dancer.

ONE of the most humiliating things that can befall an actor is to be told by a director to "sit out front," during the rehearsals of a new play, "on the chance of a change being made in the cast." Not only is this procedure embarrassing for the person who hopes to get an engagement, it is even more so for the person who fears to lose an engagement. Players manifest an uncanny alertness in recognizing the "other" individual selected for this or that part. Sometimes the consciousness that someone is watching and

waiting out there in the dark and otherwise deserted auditorium spurs the actor on to a better interpretation, and sometimes a contrary effect is produced, that one critical thought having a more numbing influence than a whole theatre full of disinterested first-nighters. The Equity contract allows ten days' trial rehearsal, and directors have been known to have two and even three substitutes in the offing profiting by one player's good and bad points up to the ninth day before being tried out in turn, a choice finally being made. One manager, practically a newcomer in the field, who met with success with his very first venture, has furthermore arranged with a number of players to try for each rôle, the first days of rehearsing reminding some of the indignant applicants of "a prize cattle show." After five or six actors have read a few pages of unfamiliar speeches, one after the other, the producer professes an ability to select the best reader, "Number Three," or "Number Six," as the case may be.

PROFESSIONAL jealousy was ever the base of the theatre. All great artists have it, even Sarah Bernhardt, the tragic muse of our generation. Her controversy with our Fanny Davenport, was a *cause célèbre* in the newspapers. In daily interviews, the two great "stars" attacked each other's performances in Sardou's "Cleopatra." Honors were even, but those were the days when the public had a higher regard for the art of acting than now. Today, professional jealousy has been swallowed up in the emotion of equal rights and labor unionism. It is, however, still a delicate question, whether the salary is more important to the actor than the part, whether acting is an art or an occupation.

BROADWAY has so many luxurious theatres that cater to and study the comfort of their patrons—thus making theatre-going doubly pleasurable—that it comes as a distinct shock when one happens on a playhouse where the same comforts and conveniences are lacking. Take, for instance, the Punch and Judy Theatre. On the second night of "The Great Boxopp,"—a damp, raw night, necessitating the wearing of heavy wraps—this writer was informed by the usher that there was no regular cloak room where he could leave his overcoat. The usher offered to take care of the coat, but said he couldn't give a check for it. So, perforce, the writer had to carry the big ulster to his seat and manage it as well as he could on his knee.

JANE COWL

It's many a moon since Jane of the lovely, lacrymoseal orbs has been seen on Broadway. She is still playing "Smilin' Through" in that uncomfortable region called "the road," and unless someone takes pity and writes a new play for the actress, she may continue appearing in it as long as Jefferson did in "Rip"

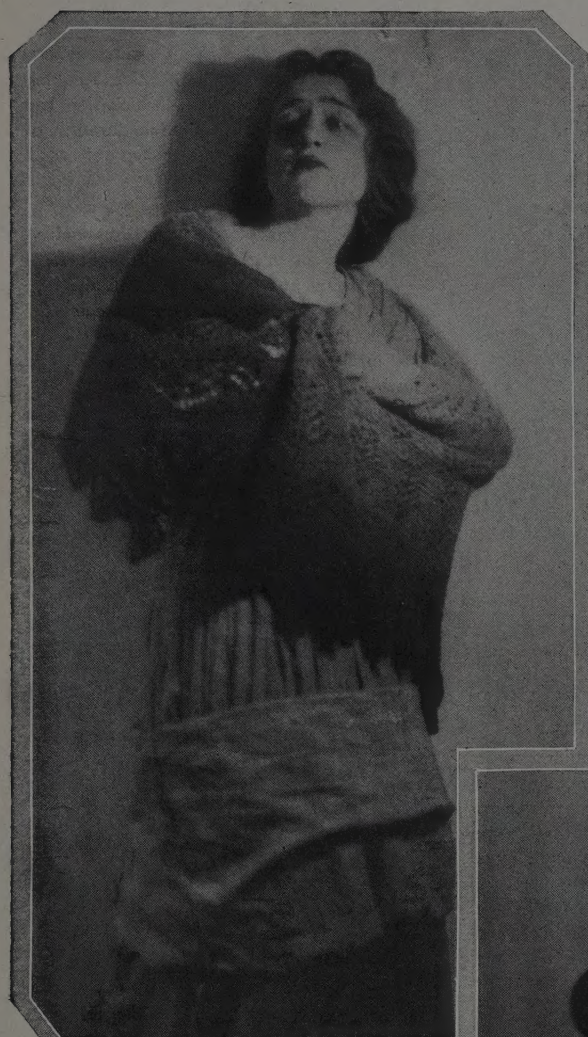


Photo Goldberg



Photo Lewis-Smith

HELEN FREEMAN

Since David Belasco made this actress leading woman in "The Man Inside," she not only has appeared in a number of Broadway successes, but has identified herself with several important "outside" producing groups. She founded the "Nine O'Clock Theatre" in New York in 1916, and two years later was one of the organizers of the Theatre Guild. It was as Hannah in the Guild's production of "John Ferguson," that she made her greatest hit



Photo Ira L. Hill

ALMA BELWIN

This actress, recently seen as the wife in "The Hero," came, like Lochinvar, out of the West. Like most little girls, she wanted to be an actress and now she can look back over seasons in "Passers By," "Five Frankforters," "Revolt," "Roads of Destiny," as the achievements of her early desire

There was also a bad draught in the theatre. The head usher was spoken to and he promised to remedy it. But the draught persisted, forcing many of those in the audience to wear their furs. Perhaps, on second thought, that is why there is no coatroom accommodation at this theatre. Patrons possibly are encouraged to take wraps to their seats, so they may better protect themselves from the draught.

LAST Spring the Film Service Mutual Benefit Bureau was organized by several society women of New York for the purpose of acting as a medium between professional moving picture producers and owners of city and country houses who are willing that their properties should be utilized for backgrounds in photoplays. The income from the fees thus obtained will be divided between the New York Maternity Centers' Association and the American Committee for Devastated France. One of the first to take advantage of this proposition was Mr. George Fitzmaurice, who was directing a film version of "Peter Ibbetson," the George du Maurier novel which was successfully produced as a play, scenes being taken at the estates of Mrs. Meredith Hare and Mr. Roland Conklin, at Huntington, Long Island.

IT certainly seems a curious coincidence that Al Jolson, the popular black-face comedian, who is reported to have lost and won vast sums of money at the race-tracks, should have become a New York favorite at the Winter Garden, which was originally a horse-car stable, developing into a fullfledged star at Jolson's Theatre, which was formerly a riding academy. A generation ago, before riding and driving had been ousted as a fashionable pastime, Durland's was the rendezvous of society people, especially on gala occasions. In redecorating the old building, the Shuberts utilized marble from the foyer of the Knickerbocker Hotel, that hostelry having been transformed into an office building. Mr. Jolson, by the way, hopes to finally desert musical comedy for legitimate productions, another ambition being to become a concert singer, his recitals at the Boston Opera House having attracted wide attention. The son of a rabbi, Mr. Jolson led the way for others of his race as black-face comedians, notably Eddie Cantor and Lou Holtz.

DURING their occupancy of the White House ex-President and Mrs. Wilson were regular attendants at the vaudeville performances in Washington, and this example has been followed by President and Mrs. Harding, who are apparently as fond of diversity as were their predecessors. The Chief Executive and the First Lady in the land have several friends connected with the stage, notably Lillian Russell and that famous beauty's husband, Alexander Moore, proprietor of a Pittsburgh newspaper. During a visit to Atlantic City last Fall Mr. and Mrs. Harding were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Moore, all returning to New York together and occupying a box to witness a performance of "Sally." In London, during the reign of King Edward VII, His Majesty constantly attended theatrical productions, and frequently

summoned the leading players to the royal box. Although King George V and Queen Mary also attend the play from time to time, these personal presentations are few and far between.

AFTER the first dress rehearsal of a new play, one of the actresses in the production rushed over to another, the two women only having become acquainted during the preparations of the piece, and exclaimed gushingly, "My dear, I want to congratulate you upon your make-up! You looked positively pretty! With all your pimples and blotches concealed, I never would have known you!" But the other was quite equal to the situation, for she replied without a moment's hesitation, "How sweet of you to tell me! I have insisted all along that you were not the jealous cat everybody says you are!"

IN the old stock company days, an actor played all sorts of parts, even "doubling" in the same production, delighting in changes of make-up, for he rightly believed that he thereby proved his skill in the profession. But nowadays managers want "types," and an actor who once makes a hit along a certain line is destined to "specialize" in that field forever after. Thus this season a young actor who had only done "bits" in small stock companies finally landed an engagement in a short-lived New York production. He was assigned the rôle of a Chinaman, and happened to make-up well and simulate the proper accent. After the play was withdrawn he went the rounds of the managers, and was offered no less than three oriental rôles, one Chinaman and two Japanese! But all were for road companies, and the young man, having once had a taste of Broadway, resolved to bide his time and remain in the metropolis. Similarly, there are actors and actresses who once upon a time, perhaps many years ago, gained notice in the portrayal of Negro types or excitable French or Italian characters, and who have ever since been condemned to such parts. How different from the days when William Collier played in turn each and every rôle in a juvenile "Pinafore" company, including Dick Deadeye and Little Buttercup, while Rose Coghlan, who afterwards became a beautiful leading lady, made her first appearance as one of the Witches in "Macbeth!"

ALTHOUGH the plays of Oscar Wilde are only occasionally revived in England and America, they have a constant popularity on the Continent, and in Italy and Germany are in especial favor. "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" are much admired. Now comes word from abroad that Nozière is adapting the novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," for the French stage, while Jean Nougues is arranging an opera on the same theme. Some years ago Lou Tellegen acted in London for a brief engagement in his own version of this story. It is interesting to recall that Louis Mann appeared at the Union Square Theatre, New York City, in August, 1883, in "Vera of the Nihilists," this being the first play by

Oscar Wilde ever produced. It proved a failure, giving no hint of success to be attained in later years with "A Woman of No Importance" and "An Ideal Husband." In connection with "The Picture of Dorian Gray," it has frequently been thought of for screen purposes, John Barrymore having seriously considered the matter, only deciding against it because of various similarities to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which he had already appeared. Joseph Schückraut, of "Liliom" fame, was then spoken of as a possible star.

A CHANCE inquiry at a smart dressmaking establishment in New York brought forth the surprising information that of the two classes of customers, society women and actresses, the latter are much better "risks," as the insurance agents express it, being more likely to pay cash for their purchases, or, at any rate, to pay pretty promptly, while their fashionable sisters, of much larger income, frequently overlook such sordid details as settlements of accounts, now and then even compelling lawsuits. "It may be that actresses are working women, like ourselves!" said an official of the establishment in question, "so know the value of money and the necessity of business methods, whereas the society women have always had plenty of money at their disposal without having to worry over obtaining it, so are incapable of comprehending inconvenience through nonpayment of bills. Be that as it may, Mrs. Van Mammon, who was born a McMidass, keeps us watching and waiting, while Betty Butterfly, formerly a show-girl but now advanced to "bits" in productions, signs her check or counts out her yellow-backs!"

WHEN a theatrical manager accepts a play, it is naturally because he considers it a good one, likely to prove a success. During the four weeks of rehearsing the members of the company implicitly obey the instructions of the director, it being regarded as an unpardonable breach of professional etiquette to offer suggestions or make objections. But, after the play has been tried and found wanting, the critics agreeing in condemning the venture, the manager demands that changes be made, and the author and the director are obviously not nearly so cock-sure of themselves, the morale of the company being appreciably lessened. The leading man suggests that *this* change be made, and the leading lady proffers *this* bit of advice, while the villain and the comedian come forward with further opinions, it being significant of the actor's viewpoint that each and every idea put forth concerns not the welfare of the piece as a whole but the advancement of the individual's chances. Actors are notoriously the worst possible judges of a play, each considering *his* part or *her* part instead of all the parts together. Even a humble super has been heard to pipe forth at one of these periods of reconstruction, "Don't you think it would be a good thing to have me, in my soldier's uniform, march by and peep in at the window?"

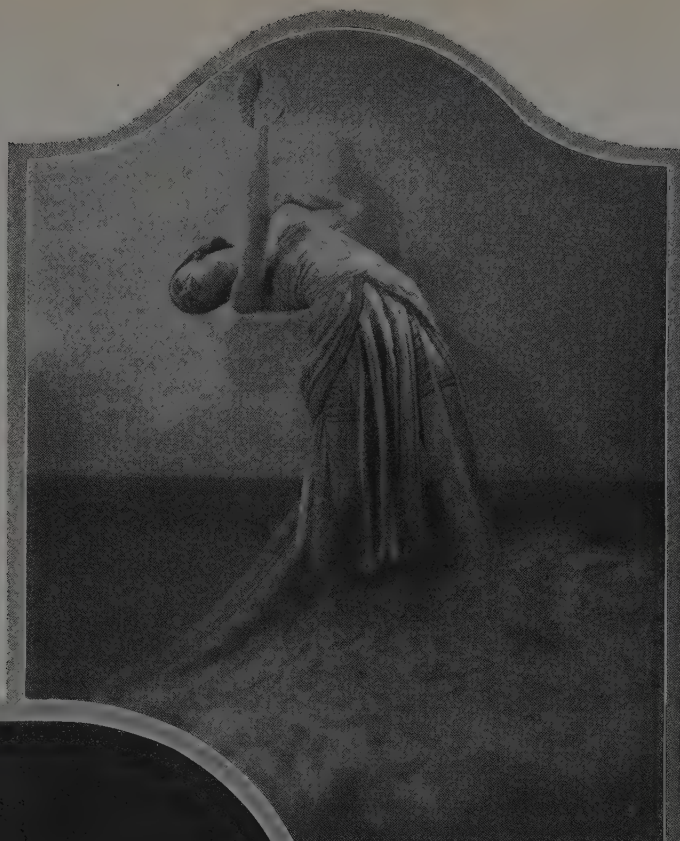
ADA FORMAN

Another pupil of Ruth St. Denis who specializes in Japanese dancing, her sojourn in Japan enabled her to study dancing in that land of the Mikado with the artistic result which you may witness in the Greenwich Village Follies

(Below)

PAVLOVA

This famous artiste—proclaimed the world's greatest living dancer — is now making a hundred-city tour, following her season at the Manhattan Opera House



Goldberg



Photo Debson



Photo Ira. L. Hill

LILLIAN POWELL

A pupil of Ruth St. Denis, this young dancer came East with the O'Denishawns and is now at the Rialto

T H E P O E T R Y O F M O T I O N

Giovanni Grasso Captures New York

Great Sicilian Actor Considers American Prosperity a Detriment to Art

By ALICE ROHE

IN a season when one has to step lively to catch some of our fleeting plays, when empty seats send many a discouraged, though expensive Broadway production, to oblivion—they are turning them away, down on the Bowery.

Giovanni Grasso, the great Sicilian actor, is making his first American appearance at the Royal Theatre.

No—the phenomenon of packed houses, of hundreds turned away is not due to the fact that "Little Italy" is so prolific.

Watch the audiences almost any night and you will see a generous sprinkling of our *cognoscenti*—commercially, as well as aesthetically, speaking.

As in the old days of the Bowery's high estate, fashionable equipages stop before the door. The *intelligenzia*, the *litterati*, who own no equipage, defy the mazes of subway, tram and "L" to get to the Royal Theatre before the curtain rises on the drama of Sicilian life.

Recently, Grasso gave a professional *matinée* to his American *confrères*. It is safe to say, that not since the days of its long vanished prestige, has the old Bowery seen so distinguished a gathering.

Within, one saw John Drew, Otis Skinner and his daughter, Cornelia, Ben Ami, Daniel Frohman, Frances Starr, Mary Nash, Margaret Wycherly, Lynn Fontanne, Fania Marinoff—almost all our metropolitan stars. The Opera, headed by Martinelli, was well represented. Literature, ranging from editors of "highbrow" magazines to newspaper scribes—was out *en masse*. The movie magnate was also in evidence.

Without there were hundreds who could not gain admittance.

GRASSO presented the Sicilian tragedy, "Omerta" (The Law of Silence). Those with an analytical turn of mind must have enjoyed watching the effect of the uncompromising realism of the Sicilian artist, with his simple scenic backgrounds, upon an audience habituated to quite different phases of realism.

Be it to the credit of our artistic sense, which Grasso, by the way, declares is latent in all Americans beneath a superficial veneer of commercialism, the genius of the great Sicilian and his admirable company won the greatest tribute an American audience can offer.

During the entire performance, by a company speaking a language understood by few, there was the tense silence of deep appreciation and interest. Afterwards, in the old Green Room, no lesser personages than John Drew, Otis Skinner, Frances Starr, all of our stage celebrities—were eager to express America's admiration for the Sicilian artist, who, high in the esteem of England, France, Germany, Austria, the old Russia, Spain, South America, awaited America's verdict to be an international dramatic figure.

Later, in a little Neapolitan *trattoria*—a restaurant, far removed in spirit and in space,

from the Italian *table d'hôte* belt, I asked Grasso the old, but still unanswered, question: What is wrong with the American theatre—what is your opinion as to the crop of failures?

GRASSO paused in another manifestation of real art—the preparation of a sauce for the fish—a combination of olive oil, lemon juice, chopped parsley, garlic and ground herbs, known only to the South of Italy.

"I wouldn't presume to criticize America. Your stage represents such a great influence. In no country in the world is such expenditure lavished upon the theatre. Truly, I believe that the future of dramatic art lies in America. But today—no—. You ask me why there are so many failures, one following ceaselessly upon another. I will not criticize but—merely analyze, from what knowledge I have. The cause is too much money! The artist is lost in magnificent scenery. If you have no great artists it is because your stage geniuses are submerged, buried, beneath overpowering scenic effects. You forget the artist completely.

"To what do I attribute this? Well, perhaps it is a phenomenon not confined exclusively to America, but which has greater expression here because of your enormous wealth. Money can buy stardom for mediocrity. Gorgeous and stupendous scenic effects, visual 'knock-outs' (I use a very, very free translation), are used to distract the public's attention from lack of dramatic ability."

By this time, the *Pollo alla cacciatori*—chicken prepared from recipes, no doubt, handed down from Lucullus—was on the table.

"There is another stultifying effect of too much money," continued Grasso, only temporarily distracted by the savory chicken. "Your potentially great artists are crushed beneath the power of dollars. Too many of them play, not with their mind on the thing they wish to create, but with their eye on the man with the money. Instead of expressing what their genius, their heart, their soul, their intelligence makes them feel instinctively is art, they voice what they know the power behind their salaries thinks is art. Art must have free expression. The real artist must express what he feels to be true.

"And still another point—this has to do with the successful actor. Too often he sacrifices an artistic whole to his individual prestige—by surrounding himself with second-rate actors. This is death to art. How can an artist expect to carry along the illusion of reality if he is constantly called out of the created picture by inferior associates who cannot even touch art?

WHEN Antonio Ferrara proposed a New York season to me, he agreed at once to my stipulation that I take with me a Sicilian company of high merit."

"But for our immediate relief—what would you prescribe to check the outbreak of failures?" I insisted.

The Sicilian replied with almost child-like naïvete, serious, without a suspicion of humor:

"The best thing would be a little rest—(un po' di riposo)."

In other words, he believes we are suffering from over-production.

Our stage is too prolific and needs turning out to pasture for a spell to recuperate.

"And then—I think your actors should come closer to life—to nature. Faithful reproduction of nature is their necessary guide. And they must insist—courageously—upon portraying what they know is nature. For until this wall between actor and public is broken down, failures are bound to occur."

"But," I asked, "in reproducing nature, should art not consider the law of perspective? When Michelangelo painted the Sistine Chapel ceiling his figures were foreshortened to look real from the high angle and elevation. Must not the stage, too, consider laws of perspective—or proportion?"

"No—no—no," protested Grasso. "We accentuate the lips, the eyes, the coloring, the make-up, visual effects to carry over the distance of footlights—but acting—never—never. We must not change a gesture, a shading from the way it really happens in life. We must concede nothing—to give pleasure or pain."

THE terrific realism of Grasso's death scene in "Omerta"—and after all, death is not a lovely thing to contemplate—must have recalled to many, by the law of contrast, a famous American actress's portrayal of death. How unlike, those awful convulsive distortions of Grasso, to the lady who, though knocked down in the street and mortally mauled by a taxi, returned to the lime-light still perfectly marcelled, not a hair-pin loosened, and talked sweetly and poetically for an hour before an aesthetic death released her from the agony her maimed internals must have caused her.

"Oh, you can't compromise with Nature if you want to attain real art," said Grasso.

Even the discussion of death failed to affect our enthusiasm for the delectable Neapolitan cheese dish—*Mozzarella in Carrozza* upon which we fell *con gusto*.

"If I may be so bold," continued Grasso, "I think American producers make a great mistake in underestimating the intelligence of the public. There is bound to come a rebellion because of that sense of values which is truly American, and which must assert itself sooner or later in artistic matters.

"We Italians—well, of course—that is quite a different matter. Why even our poorest people have a sense of beauty—the gift of appraising and appreciating the beauty and artistic value of a thing without even thinking about its price. We love art for the art

(Continued on page 60)



Photo Nicholas Muray

GIOVANNI GRASSO

The great Sicilian actor whose first appearance in America recently, at the Royal Theatre, New York, attracted the most brilliant audience ever seen in the Bowery

"The Hero"

Play in Three Acts by Gilbert Emery

THIS play, written by an actor, and first tried out at special matinees last season, created such a favorable impression that Mr. Sam H. Harris, the producer, decided to put it on as a night performance. Quite Ibsenesque in treatment, it is generally conceded to be one of the best plays of this season.

Copyright 1921 by Gilbert Emery.

OSWALD, an ex-soldier, crippled in the war, returns from France and settles down in the home of his married brother, Andy, where, instead of acting the part of the hero he undoubtedly was while in service, shows himself a general, all-around, conscienceless ne'er-do-well. He makes life miserable for all those surrounding him. He seduces a young Belgian girl in his brother's household, makes love to his brother's wife, Hester, worries his mother by refusing to go out and earn his living, lives off his brother's meagre earnings, and finally steals a large sum of money the brother holds for safe-keeping as treasurer of a church fund, redeeming himself, however, at the end.

Andrew, the husband, a man about forty, is a good-natured, honest, insurance clerk. Fattish and baldish, his simplicity of nature, his indefatigable good humor makes him popular with everyone except his wife, Hester, who dreams vaguely of things life has not given her—she does not know exactly what. Living with the couple are Andrew's old mother, Sarah, and Marthe Roche, a Belgian refugee.

Shortly after the rise of the curtain, the members of Andy's quiet little family are surprised and delighted by the unexpected arrival of "the hero," who has not been heard from since the close of the war.

OSWALD: Ma! Why, Ma! Don't take on so, Ma. Come on now, Ma—smile for the gentleman. Ain't a day older, is she, Andy?

SARAH: Well, you got here at last. Took you long 'nuf. You got here for your birthday. Lemme look at you.

ANDREW: Well, Ma, what you think of what the cat dragged in? Hey there, old son, this's your sister, Hester. Guess she'll give you a kiss, too. Go to it, Bo.

OSWALD: I never had a sister. Gee, I'm glad it's you—

HESTER: And I never had a brother. Oh, why didn't you tell me it was you—just now? I almost guessed it—I—

OSWALD: Well, what do you know about that! Say, sister, we've got to make up for lost time. Why, I wanted to see Andy first. I don't know whether he'd want to have a poor nut like me come back and muss up his parlor.

SARAH: My Lord o' Love! For mercy sakes, where'd you get that dog?

OSWALD: He's a war dog. Ain't you,

Cafard? Heh? Cafard's his name. French. Means "the blues." I collected him in Belgium or he collected me.

HESTER: We'd never have forgiven you if you hadn't come straight to us.

OSWALD: Honest?

ANDREW: We've got a great kid, Os. Wait until you see him.

OSWALD: Looks to me as if you'd got pretty near everything a fellow wants, to keep comfortable.

you understand? Like you. Oh, we've heard—we've heard just today about you.

Presently Andrew and Oswald are alone.

ANDREW: Let's sit down. That bum foot of yours— Well, we got our little home. 'Tain't the Waldorf, but—I guess we're pretty lucky, all right—kinda hard to keep things going these days, what with the old high cost of living and all. But—"Don't worry"'s my motto.

OSWALD: Mine, too—

ANDREW: When Pa died—you knew about his dying, didn't you, Os?

OSWALD: Um-hum!

ANDREW: Ma came here to live with us. Pa didn't leave a red cent. When everything was settled and the debts paid, there wasn't a darn thing but just a little furniture Ma hung on to.

OSWALD: I was a good deal of a darn fool in those days, Andy. I don't know why I ever got into that mix-up.

ANDREW: I s'pose 'most every fellow wonders that—when it's over. I don't know—I'm no better than anybody else—don't pretend to be—only I never had any money—had to work too hard to raise Cain. And now with Hess and the baby, I—

OSWALD: Well, you can mark right down in your diary that little "Os" is

going to play straight from now on. Honest I am!

ANDREW: I'm glad to hear it, "Os." We're right with you.

OSWALD: Say—was Pa—when he found out—

ANDREW: It pretty near killed him. I guess it did, anyway. You see— Well, the money part of it was awful tough—but when it came out about Millie—he—well, I guess you know how he'd feel. "Os," she's on the streets now in Rochester, they say.

OSWALD: Damn it! I am sorry. But everything wasn't my fault. If Pa had ever treated me like— Oh, well, what's the use?

ANDREW: Boy, I don't want you should ever say anything—too hard against the old man. He comes right across when it was up to him. And so did Ma. And nobody ever knew the worst of it, but old Peters in the bank and us. Folks didn't even know about her.

OSWALD: Say—Andy, does—does she know?

ANDREW: Hess?



White

(Left to right). Andrew (Richard Bennett); Marthe (Fania Marinoff); Oswald (Robert Ames); Hester (Alma Belwin); Sarah (Blanche Friderici).

Act I. The hero arrives home from France

SARAH: My soul and body! Guess folks better eat first and visit aft'wards. An' that Marthy gone out.

OSWALD: Who's Marthe? Got two kids, Andy?

ANDREW: O, quit your kiddin'.

HESTER: I don't know whether you'll understand about Marthe. You see—

ANDREW: Oh, Marthe's a girl Hess took—the second year of the war. Hess got all het up about it. Marthe's a Belgian. Some people brought her over here in 1915. She's an orphan. Folks killed in the war—right in front of her. She kinda helps Hester. She'll go 'way pretty soon, I guess. Studyin' to be a stenographer. We give her what we can and—it's an expense housin' her. But the Missis was all for it. I don't know as—

HESTER: I wanted to do something. Andrew thought we couldn't. We— It seemed so dreadful not to help poor, little Belgium. It wasn't much, but it was our little bit. I—I wanted to do such a lot.



(Right)
Margaret Fairfield
(Janet Beecher) who
married a man she did
not love



Sydney (Katharine
Cornell), gets word
from the asylum that
her father has escaped

Photos White

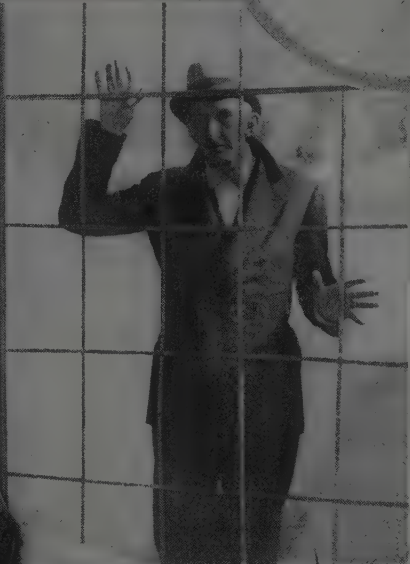
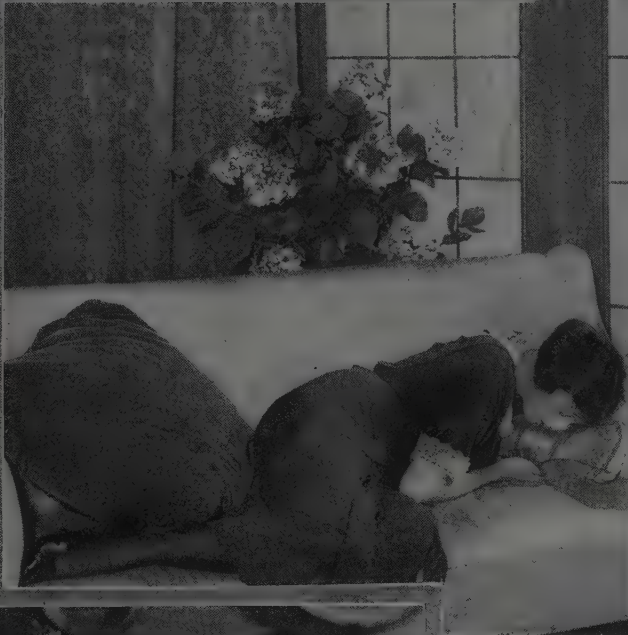
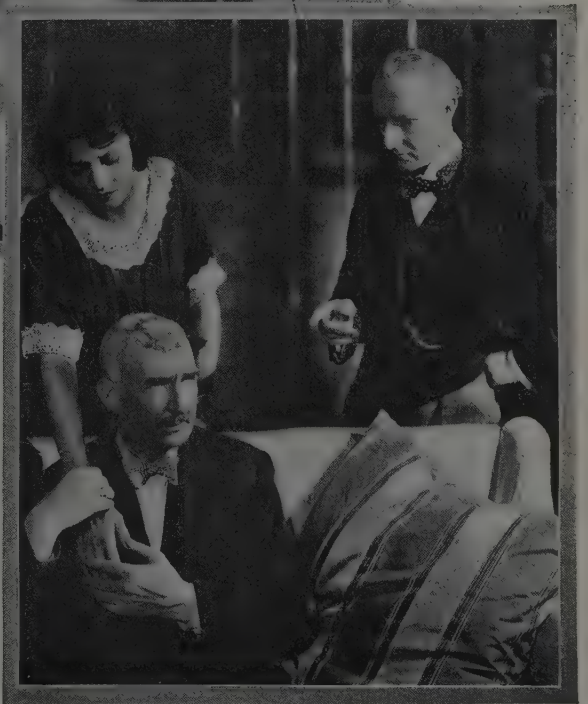


Photo Mishkin

Hilary (Allan
Pollock), the shell-
shocked hero of
Flanders Fields, comes
home completely
cured only to find he
is unwelcome



(Right)
Deserted by his
wife, Hilary
finds a life com-
panion in his
daughter



(Left)
Kit (John Ast-
ley), prefers a
mistletoe kiss to
discussing
eugenics

SCENES IN "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" AT THE TIMES SQUARE

P L A Y S T O L D I N P I C T U R E S

OSWALD: Um-hum.

ANDREW: No, I never told Hester a word—beyond—well, that you was a pretty frisky feller and run away from home—Pa and I—you know that part. We worked and paid back the money on that check you—and the bank let it drop. It came hard for us, but if you've learned your lesson—why—

OSWALD: Much 'bliged, Andy.

ANDREW: That's all right—an' "Os," I appreciate your wanting to see me first before you told Hess who you were. I don't want to pick open any old sores, boy—specially tonight, when you've just come home to us. And I just want to tell you what's done's done—nothin' gained by harpin' on old mistakes. You're back—and I guess you've about wiped out all that tom-foolishness—er worse—by what you've done over there in the war. I guess they didn't give you those ribbons in your buttonhole for lookin' at the view. But now, the old war's over and everybody is glad of it. Boy, I want you should make my home your home till you get a start, till you get a job; gol darn it, till you get a little home and cutie of your own—

OSWALD: You're damn kind, Andy. I—I appreciate how you all have treated me. Far as the war's concerned, as the Irishman says, "'Twas a hell of a war, but the only one we had."

ANDREW: That's a good one. Got to remember that—

OSWALD: I'm sure going to pull up, Andy, and—well, I got two or three little things in my head. I'm going to pay you back, every cent. We'll get rich yet. And then, by God, we'll—

Hester now comes in to tell Oswald that "Ma's making pancakes" and sends Andrew to the attic for blankets.

She calls Marthe to help her to set the table.

HESTER: Well, Marthe, if we can ever get these men out of here, maybe we can get supper ready. I'm going up-stairs and get those doilies you embroidered for my birthday. We've never used them. I wish we had some flowers for the table, too. But we haven't. When I'm rich I'll always have flowers on the table.

MARTHE: My mother loved, also, flowers. Always a little bunch of them in a glass. What if I put the pot of red geraniums there in the middle?

HESTER: Oh, do; how nice!

MARTHE: You are all so happy tonight. Your soldier has come back.

HESTER: Marthe, don't be sad. You're one of us. You must feel glad, too. I'll get the doilies.

OSWALD: Hello. (*Entering from the kitchen*).

MARTHE: Good evening, sir.

OSWALD: I guess you're Marthe. I'm Oswald—the prodigal son. The champion veal eater.

MARTHE: I thought you were a hero, M'sieu. OSWALD: God, have you got that, too?—You're a Belgian. I bin up in your country

—visitin' King Albert and Mrs. King. Oh, you can smile can you? Marthe—I am goin' to call you Marthe and you can call me Oswald, see? Marthe—*vous—et—tray—jolee*.

MARTHE: M'sieu, est flatteur. (*She goes to the side-board and Oswald tip-toeing up behind her attempts to kiss her*). Oh, no!

OSWALD: Oh, say, Marthe! I bin fightin' for your country—I got wounded there—see that lame foot? *Voue—et—naughty girl*.

MARTHE: Fighting for my country? (*Oswald again tries to kiss her*). No, please! (*Suddenly overcome with an emotion she cannot interpret, she speaks in a low tone as if it were almost sacramental*).



White

Oswald (Robert Ames), Marthe (Fania Marinoff)
Act II. Oswald tries to snatch the cable from Marthe's hand

It is I who kiss you—for my country. (*She runs into the kitchen*).

OSWALD: You're a funny kid!

HESTER: Oh, there you are. Oh, you've made Andrew and your mother so happy, coming home like this!

OSWALD: I don't suppose it makes much difference to you, my coming back, does it?

HESTER: Do you want me to say I am sorry you came?

OSWALD: You're awful good to—your little brother.

HESTER: You're the first hero we have ever had.

OSWALD: Aw, cut out that stuff!

HESTER: I can hardly wait for you to tell me all about the war. They've laughed at me here—because I cared about the war so. I did care awfully—like you.

OSWALD: Like me?

HESTER: You must have—if you went there.

OSWALD: Oh!

HESTER: And now your coming back—one of us—from the war. It makes it more ours. Give us a share in it.

OSWALD: Say, you're a regular little patriot, eh? Hip! hip! stuff. Brother Andy didn't go to war, did he?

HESTER: No, he couldn't—he—you see—with us women and the baby—and—

OSWALD: Did he want to go?

HESTER: If it hadn't been for the baby, I'd have gone. I'd have loved going—and doing anything—washing dishes, scrubbing floors, washing the boys' clothes. Anybody who has been is just wonderful to me.

OSWALD: Guess I'm in the right pew here all right.

HESTER: I suppose you think that I am awfully foolish—like everybody else does.

OSWALD: Who does?

HESTER: Oh, I don't know—Do you?

OSWALD: You want to know what I think? Well, I think that you are just about the sweetest little bit of—

HESTER: I think that you're just the—biggest little jollier that— (*Andy calls*). Yes, I'm coming . . . Willie Smart.

Oswald watches her go and then with the air of owning the place, sinks leisurely down in a chair, the smile of the conqueror on his face.

At the opening of Act II, three months have elapsed. Marthe has fallen a victim to Oswald's advances. The hero is false not only to her, but to another girl he has left behind in France. One day a cablegram comes to him and Marthe, intercepting it, is convinced of his perfidy. Meantime, Andrew is happy because his church collection has yielded \$500 which he keeps in the house for safety. The only anxiety Andrew has is to find a job for Oswald. He is rather worried that his brother does not seem to bestir himself very much in the matter of getting employment.

HESTER: Oswald's trying. I know he is trying to get something to do.

ANDREW: Sure, I don't say he isn't.

But—darn it, if I was a rich man I'd let him sit here till he got good

and ready. I bought him a suit yesterday, too. You know, Hess, we've got little Andy to think of. That money we're puttin' away for his college education don't grow very fast.

HESTER: Oh, nothing seems right in this world.

ANDREW: What I was going to say was, Hess, that if you could sort of—you know—to "Os." He likes you and if you could, maybe, suggest that—That's a good offer of the boss's—

HESTER: I know Oswald will take it.

ANDREW: Yes? I guess he will—Hess, about Mattie's going? There ain't any special—reason for it, is there?

HESTER: Special reason, what do you mean?

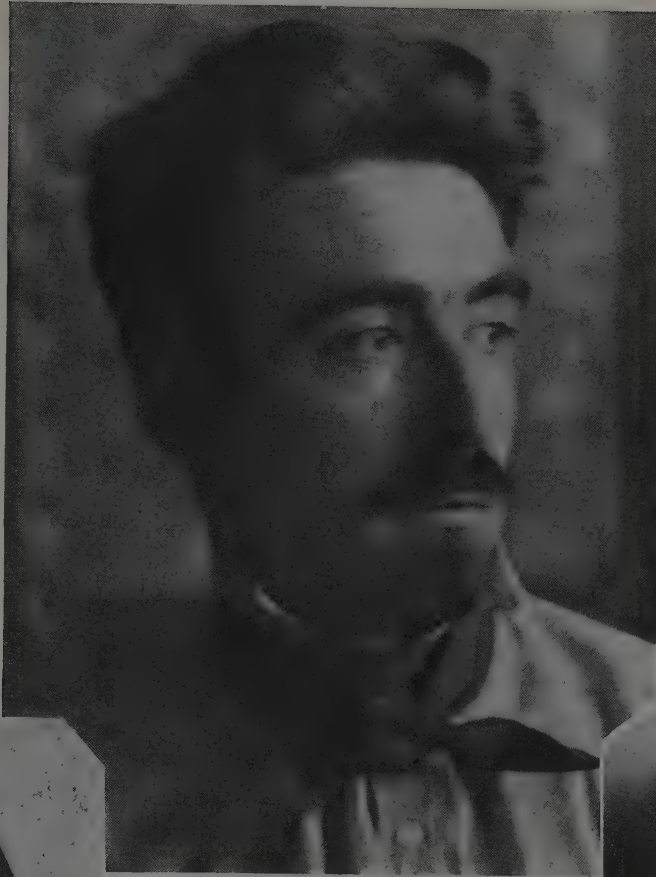
ANDREW: Oh, I don't know, but—Well, "Os"—you know he's always—sort of joshing—everybody. And—Well, I didn't know but maybe he'd been kinda fresh to Mattie. I don't suppose—?

HESTER: Why, Andrew Lane! I don't believe a bit of it. How can you think of such a thing. I don't believe a bit of it. If anything, Marthe actually rather dislikes him.

Presently the brothers are alone.

ROBERT EDMOND JONES

The most original and daring of American stage designers who has brought to the modern theatre a beauty of scenic investiture that Shakespeare in the loftiest flights of his imagination, could never have dreamed of



CURIOUS STAGE DOOR

where the Mission Play is produced at San Gabriel, California. No stage "Johnnies" are to be found here



ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD

This famous young Viennese composer, whose opera "Die Tote Stadt" was heard recently at the Metropolitan Opera House, began his musical career, like Mozart, at a very tender age. He is now only twenty-four and "Die Tote Stadt" was written two years ago. At the age of eleven, he composed a ballet, "The Snow Man." He has also to his youthful credit exquisite incidental music for "Much Ado About Nothing" and two one-act operas



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

(Right)

ARTHUR RICHMAN

The author of "Ambush" being a native of Manhattan, it was not surprising to find his first play "Not So Long Ago," a comedy of mid-Victorian New York. "Ambush," his second successful effort, is so different that it proves his versatility

OSWALD: So you don't want me in your house any longer.

ANDREW: Now, "Os"—I—

OSWALD: (*Grawling*). I suppose because you put me under obligation to you once—you think you've bought me—but—

ANDREW: "Os"—don't talk that way!

OSWALD: By God, it makes me sick! I—

ANDREW: You know how we are fixed here. Just look at it reasonably—there's nothing I wouldn't do to—

OSWALD: Well, lemme tell you one thing straight. I'm not going to work for that damn—

ANDREW: Well, don't let's get arguin', "Os," and Sunday night too. I should not wonder if all you did over there has kinda tired you out. And you've kinda lost your pep. That's what the doctors say about a lot of the boys. All I wanted to say was that we all love having you here with us, but seeing that Morgan forgot to ask me into partnership with him last week—

OSWALD: Ha! ha! (*Ironically*).

ANDREW: Well, you know. Of course, now that Marthe's going away.

OSWALD: Who said she was going?

ANDREW: Why?

OSWALD: Nothing! Drivin' her out, too?

ANDREWS: Say—cut that out! She's going because she wants to. She told Hess today. Say, "Os," there ain't anything—funny—between you and Marty, is there?

OSWALD: No, there ain't.

ANDREW: I wouldn't for ten thousand dollars have—

OSWALD: Is there any other damn thing you can think to throw up at me? You've done pretty well so far—piker—sponge—yellow dog, and now—

ANDREW: Ssh! Here's Hess.

HESTER: What's the matter?

ANDREW: Nothin'.

OSWALD: Jest jawin'.

Andrew leaves the house after warning Hester to take the collection down to the bank and deposit it.

OSWALD: I'm going away—

HESTER: Going—where?

OSWALD: Oh, I do' know.

HESTER: What has Andrew been saying to you?

OSWALD: What difference does that make?

HESTER: Oh, he has, has he?—I'll never forgive him. Oh, he had no right to. His own brother, a soldier. What was it he said? Tell me! You must!

OSWALD: Oh, I do' know. Handed me a little bokay or two about being a yellow dog, and a cheap skate, and a chippy chaser—and one thing and another.

HESTER: Oswald! You must be mistaken, Oswald. He didn't, he couldn't why—why it isn't like him.

OSWALD: See here, Sis. What's the good of all this? I don't want to make trouble between you and Andy. He's not a bad fellow. You don't want to get hot under the collar at him. I know how you take the war-stuff. I'm going away. You'll settle down with Andy and forget me.

HESTER: Never! Never!

OSWALD: Hess, lemme give you a tip. Stick

to your kid. He's hero enough for you.

Hester rises and without a glance backwards goes out of the room. Oswald watches her go with a smile of contempt. When she has disappeared, he puts on his overcoat and then goes to the secretary. He tries the drawer furtively. Then extinguishing the lamp, he opens the drawer and crams the money into his pocket, just as Hester in a nightdress and candle in her hand comes into the room. A gasp of anguish from her causes Oswald to turn around. The two stare in horror at each other. Marthe runs in. Her gaze travels to Oswald for an explanation, but he pushes past both the women and goes up-stairs. Marthe follows him leaving Hester petrified with horror.



White

Hester (Alma Belwin), Andrew (Richard Bennett)

Act III. If I don't come back early, I want you to take the money down to the bank

Act III is the following morning. Hester is still sitting at the foot of the stairway. Marthe finds her here and in an hysterical outbreak tells Hester she loves Oswald and that he has promised to take her away and marry her.

HESTER: I don't care what he does. Or what you do. He can take you wherever he pleases, after I have seen him. Do you understand?—are you listening? I want you to tell me all you know about last—last night—don't lie! I want to know what you two intend doing with that money?

MARTHE: (*All at sea.*) Money?

They are interrupted by Oswald's appearance. Hester directs her charge against him.

HESTER: You've got to give back that money! Right now!

OSWALD: That's what *you* say—

HESTER: Give it back. Do you mean that you won't?

OSWALD: You guessed it.

HESTER: You shan't go out of this room with it.

OSWALD: What do you care? Andy'll have to pay it.

HESTER: Andy? Pay it! Why we haven't got a penny—and you know it.

OSWALD: Well, what are you going to do? Call the police, and disgrace the family? What about your nice, pious friends when they hear the police have arrested the Church-Treasurer's brother. That money's going to take me to France.

He exits and presently there is a sound of men running by. A fire bell is heard faintly in the distance. Andrew comes in.

ANDREW: Hello! Look at the folks running by. Wonder where the fire is? Guess I'll go to it when I take the money over the Bank.

A man comes to the window—looks in—and beats on the pane excitedly.

VOICE: Lane, Lane! For God's sake, come, you're wanted!

Andrew hurries out, but Hester is too engulfed in her own grief to care what is happening. She looks helplessly at Marthe who comes in.

MARTHE: He—is—dead—dead.

HESTER: Dead? Who?

MARTHE: He.

HESTER: Oswald? What—the fire?

MARTHE: The fire—the kindergarten.

HESTER: (*At the door.*) Andrew—baby!

Andrew comes in carrying little Andy, who is wrapped in Oswald's overcoat.

LITTLE ANDY: I ain't hurt, mummy, not a bit. Uncle Oswal' come and got me.

ANDREW: He's gone. . .

HESTER: Tell me.

ANDREW: The kindergarten—it was all afire, they say, in no time and Andy was missin'—And Oswald run in—and found him—and then run back again for another little boy. The roof fell in—burned to death—I can't bear it, Hess. If "Os" and I had only parted friends.

HESTER: Andrew, don't. Listen, dear. You were good to him. He said this morning, he said, "Tell Andy—I'm sorry about last night. He's a good old scout."

ANDREW: He said that. Oh, my God! I can stand it now.

HESTER: Andrew—poor old Andrew! (*Looking at him with great pity, she makes a decision.*) Andrew—that money—the collection money you—I gave it to Oswald—to put in the Bank!

ANDREW: Then it's gone! It's burned—with him. Then we'll have to make it up—that's all. I don't mind for me—but it's awfully hard on you.

HESTER: I don't mind, Andrew! I'll help you. I'll work and work—I'll always love you, Andy. You're a good man, Andrew—a good, good man.

ANDREW: Me? I'm just old Andy, I am. But "Os"—"Os" was a hero!



Photo Goldberg

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

An artist in scenes of hysteria, this attractive actress, who preceded Olive Tell as the wife in Augustus Thomas's stirring drama "Nemesis," does not lack stage experience. She played in "Taking Chances," with Lou Tellegen; "The Ruined Lady," with Grace George; "The Dauntless Three," with Robert Warwick. She is now appearing in Cosmo Hamilton's "Danger" with H. B. Warner

The Philosophy of Russian Dancing

"A Harmonious Development of the Mental and Physical Life Forces," Says Louis Chalif

By CAROL BIRD

WHEN Louis Chalif was nine years of age, a pupil in a Russian ballet school, he could not understand why the ballet master laid such emphasis on the dancers' turning out of the knees. He thought it an ugly, awkward movement, adding nothing to the fire and the beauty of the dance they were executing. Louis was young, but he had, even then, strong and original views. So he made up his mind that when he became a master he would have every pose a natural one, an expression of what the dancer really felt.

Later, at the age of twenty-four, when Louis Chalif found that, as ballet master of the Government Theatre in Odessa, he was the youngest ballet master in all Russia, he began to carry out his theories in regard to dancing. Sixteen years ago when he came to New York to dance at the Metropolitan, he still retained the ideas formulated at the age of nine when he worked at the bar in the Russian ballet school. And today, as principal of the Chalif Normal School of Dancing, which is now in its twenty-ninth season, and which he established fourteen years ago, he still maintains that every pose of the dancer should be a natural, pantomimic one, and that not merely the rhythm of music should be interpreted but also the mood of the dancer.

AT his handsome dance temple on West Fifty-seventh Street, Mr. Chalif explained his dancing philosophy, decrying jazz and other "acrobatic dancing:"

"Jazz is explosive insanity in music," said Mr. Chalif. "Music can be heavenly, and it can be beastly and degrading. Music can elevate man to the heights, and drag him to the depths. Music can interpret fine and exalting moods, and it can likewise show how basely sensuous and ugly man can be. And this vaudeville dancing! Acrobatics. Nothing more. If the so-called dancers perform gymnastics, dare-devil stunts, strong-arm tricks, their accomplishments are called by the word dancing, which is a misnomer in their case. A dancer should portray life, beauty, and repose. That is natural, beautiful, and uplifting.

"Ballroom dancing? It is taught at my school, but is not my favorite form of dancing. I favor the old Greek dances, and national dances, which are the expressions of various peoples. But, though I have favorites among the dances, I am like the Irishman who said that some whiskey was bad but no whiskey at all was even worse. I feel

that all dancing is good, only that some forms of it are better than others.

"For instance, I favor solo dancing. While all dancing contributes to the dancer's health, solo dancing does so in a particularly large measure. When two persons dance together they, naturally, are restricted as to space, breathing, and general self expression. A dancer executing steps alone is wholly and wonderfully free, free to give forth all moods, free to occupy and utilize most effectively all available space.



Photo Davis

LINA BRANDON

A pupil of Chalif's, now with the Hippodrome ballet, in one of the movements of the "Pagan" dance

"The cultivation of dancing in Russia as a substantial art began in the eighteenth century. That dancing was in existence before this is shown in the frescos of Petshersky Cathedral in Kiev, erected in the twelfth century. Czar Alexis Michaelovitch in 1673 ordered twenty-six children, taken from the Burghers families, to be taught the art of dancing. In 1675, for the first time a ballet was produced in Russia, being given before the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch. From this tiny seed, under the patronage of royalty, have blossomed the splendid Ballet Schools of Russia, which for many years—until the present unhappy days in Russia,—were the central and only authority in dancing for the world.

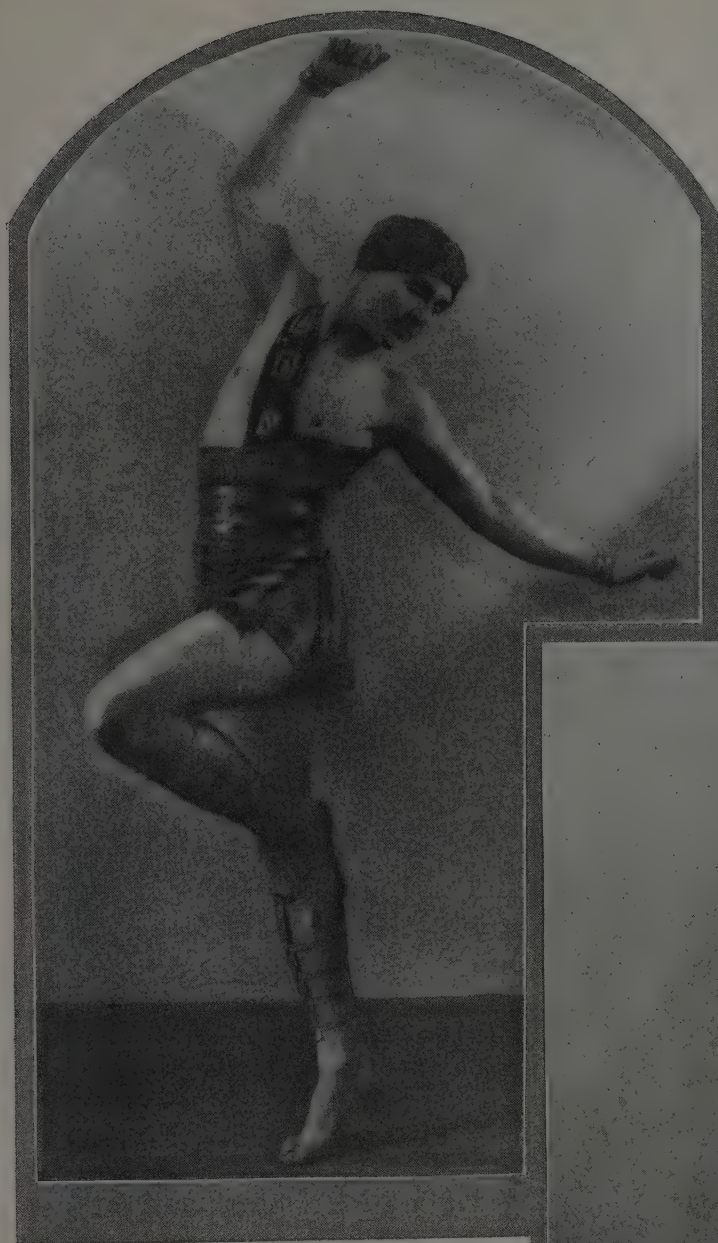
"In 1735, the Empress Anne of Russia appointed Lande (a Frenchman) to act as Ballet Master in Petrograd, and after that Didelot, called the father of the Russian Ballet, Perrot, St. Leon, Petipa, Cecchetti and Legatt, in succession brought the Russian School of Dancing to that state of perfection which is the pride of the Russian people. Their natural appreciation and hearty support enabled the government to conduct these institutions on a very high plane. The schools, being under government control, gave the boys and girls as thorough a training in dancing as other children received at academic schools, and in addition, realizing that dancers should have trained minds, they gave them a general education and allowed them to study the related art of music, placing them under the best masters.

IN 1847, when Mlle. Marie Taglioni, the chief exponent of the non-sensual or ideal style of ballet dancing, visited the Ballet School at Petrograd, she said that it was "the finest in the world." And it is from there that Mme. Pavlova comes to us, the embodiment of purity, refinement and exquisite physical control, charming us with her graceful expression, her bird-like flights, her freedom and joyousness. The purity of her art fills us first with admiration, then lifts us into realms of fairyland, ideality and fantasy."

Speaking of his own aims, Mr. Chalif said: "I try to bring dancing back to the natural, yet to retain the virtues of ballet dancing. To me, technique is merely a foundation, never an end in itself. My pupils, when doing the most difficult technical steps, never create the impression that they are practicing exercises. Their steps are grouped into words and sentences, and these are infused with the spirit of dancing.

To dance should be one of the highest forms of self-expression. What self-satisfaction there is in being able to give out in grace, lightness, good balance, and repose our various emotions! What an outlet for the fine ennobling thoughts our minds harbor. What a creative opportunity!

"And so I permit my students free portrayal of self expression. If an attitude is lovely to gaze upon it is good, and therefore worthy. Whatever is lovely, is natural, for all art is based on nature. Naturalness is the mother of individuality. I like to see growth of personality. I do not teach the standardized mannerisms of the ballet, for they interfere with the dancer's own individuality. All dancers should not look and act alike."



CECILE D'ANDREA

The youngest ballerina who has ever danced at La Scala, Milan, has brought something of the joy and abandon of her native Italy to the revival of "The Merry Widow"

HARRY WALTERS

This dancing partner of Cecile D'Andrea is one of the few Americans who believe that there was some good in the war anyway. He saw Cecile dancing in an Elsie Janis doughboy entertainment and, after the armistice, studied with her in Italy. Henry W. Savage was attracted to the pair and arranged their Broadway debut in "The Merry Widow"



Photos Maurice Goldberg

NEW DANCING IN AN OLD PLAY



Act I. Dona Sol (Catherine Calvert) pays her first visit to Juan Gallardo (Otis Skinner) and is presented with his autographed photograph



(Below)
Act II. Dona Sol invites Gallardo, the bull fighter, to meet her aristocratic friends



(Left)
Act III. Having recovered from his illness, Gallardo is off again to the city

(Left to Right) Octavia Kenmore, Romaine Callender, Clara Bracy, Madeline Delmar, Otis Skinner, John Rogers

Act IV. Enraged by the infidelity of Dona Sol, Juan Gallardo throws himself recklessly into a bull fight and is mortally hurt. His wife allows him to die happy in the belief that it is Dona Sol who is comforting his last moments



Photos White

SCENES FROM "BLOOD AND SAND" AT THE EMPIRE
PLAYS TOLD IN PICTURES

Left to right: Lionel Atwell, Vivian Tobin, Morgan Farley, John L. Shine, and Lina Abarbanell.

Act I: The physical culture instructor illustrates his method by a few exercises.



Act II: The Grand Duke takes malicious pleasure in encouraging the wealthy widower's attentions to his former mistress

Act III: The wordly-wise Duke has extraordinary theories regarding marriage which he expounds to his old sweetheart while enjoying breakfast.



SCENES IN "THE GRAND DUKE" AT THE LYCEUM
PLAYS TOLD IN PICTURES

12697



MME. MARIE JERITZA

Lyric-dramatic soprano, formerly of the Imperial Opera and idol of the Viennese music loving public, who made her American début at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, November 19, in Korngold's Opera "Die Tote Stadt." Judging by the success which marked this artist's first appearance, she is bound to take the lead among the Metropolitan's women singers



CLAIRE DUX

This famous Swedish soprano who, for the past several seasons, has been the sensation of Europe, made her American début in Chicago on November 22 last as Mimi in "La Bohème" with the Chicago Opera Company. This is the artist of whom Melba once remarked "If Dux ever visits America, she'll take the country by storm"



Photo Bruguere

THE SNOW FLAKE SCENE IN THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

Instead of icicles for window panes, Jack Frost has a love song for ladies' hearts in this scene of frigid beauty by John Murray Anderson



Photo Victor George

RENEE RIANO

This eccentric dancer of the "Music Box Revue" followed her family tradition and began her stage career at three. She aspired to ballet dancing but has cheerfully resigned herself to "grotesquerie" as her forte—much to the delight and amusement of her audience

The dashing pony ballet in "Bombo" alone is worth the price of admission. No ordinary pony team this, but real youth and beauty—stepping and prancing with true equestrian grace, and with the inimitable Al Jolson doing duty as the whip



Photo White

FUN, BEAUTY AND GRACE IN BROADWAY JAZZ

"The Bat" a European Sensation

Moscow Art Theatre production a riot in orchestration, decoration and caricature

By FLORENCE GILLIAM

THE influence of the Russian Ballet—that master organization brought out of Russia by an American woman, Isadora Duncan—has been almost incalculable. The reaction from vague and insipid color schemes to the riotous flare of present-day productions may be traced almost directly to the Bakst designs. Interest in dancing as an art, was given an unprecedented impetus; and pantomime once more came into its own. Moreover, this influence was as marked in popular spectacles like the "Follies" as it was in innumerable smaller and more high-brow productions.

The foreign itinerary of the Russian Ballet was extensive in France, England, and America. On the other hand, the Russian Art Theatre at Moscow, though recognized as one of the pioneer art theatres of the world, has stayed strictly at home; and only those who have visited Moscow have had first-hand knowledge of its achievements. Now, however, the Moscow Art Theatre has a precocious offspring—more gay, more *débonair*, more spontane-

ous than the Art Theatre, but with the same sound qualities of taste and training. Nikita Balieff's "La Chauve Souris," or "The Bat," was originally, in fact, an intimate circle of

artists from the parent theatre, gathering after hours for their own amusement, and only later was it opened to the public. Just at the close of 1920 this interesting organization—director, designers, musicians, dancers, actors—moved itself bodily to Paris. Though not widely heralded at first, its settings, dancing, singing, orchestration, satire, caricature, and burlesque were soon the subject of wide comment and discussion. Indeed, so great has been its vogue that negotiations are in progress for bringing the whole organization to America.

"La Chauve Souris" has a repertoire of wide range. In Paris the company presented two distinct bills in succession, then a third by combination of certain features of the first and second. The spectacles which they presented in Paris fall naturally into something like these three groups: (1) Scenes of purely Russian *genre*; (2) Scenes laid in various periods and having an international range of background; (3) Fantasies which are localized in different countries but have a universal appeal.

In the first group there is much satire on Russian types. In "Photographic Poses," we see

(Continued on page 62)

Madame Demidoff, danseuse with "La Chauve-Souris" (The Bat)



Photos Delphi, Paris

This view of Katinka shows the setting and costumes—perfectly adapted to the singing, dancing, and action which are all in the mechanical manner of the music-box. It illustrates, also, the fantastic and modern staging for which "La Chauve-Souris" is famous

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



VANDERBILT. "ANNA CHRISTIE." A play in four acts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced November 3, with this cast:

Johnny-The-Priest	James C. Mack
First Longshoreman	G. O. Taylor
Second Longshoreman	John Hanley
A Postman	William Augustin
Chris. Christopherson	George Marion
Marthy Owen	Eugenie Blair
Anna Christopherson	Pauline Lord
Mat Burke	Frank Shannon
Johnson	Ole Anderson
Three Sailors,	
Messrs. Reilly, Hansen and Kennedy	

THOUGH the plays of Eugene O'Neill may not become popular successes, they are invariably interesting from the standpoint of originality, picturesque vigor and technique. In him, there wrestle violently the fundamentals of a distinctly American playwright, one who has the stern ethics of a new Englander; who has growing inexperience and a youthful courage,—sometimes blundering. It is the youthfulness of Mr. O'Neill which is doubtless responsible for his infatuation for the tragic, for "Anna Christie" is again a tragedy, though a happy ending has been contrived. As in the other plays also, psychology overshadows story and sheer talk supplants movement.

The story is a simple one, concerning a father's prejudice against the sea and the vicissitudes which this prejudice brings to his daughter, Anna. She, like the heroine of Charpentier's "Louise," hearkens to the call of the city. Ostensibly, she goes to live with relatives who are to train and care for her. In reality, she goes to a house of sin to live the life of a prostitute. Fifteen years she is away and all this time her father is ignorant of her real life. Finally, Anna comes home to visit him and in doing so brings about an entanglement that involves the life of her father, Marthy, his mistress, and Mat Burke, her lover. For Mat Burke, a shipwrecked seaman, meets her, falls in love with her, and deifies her. But Anna is not a creature for deification. Despite the misery of her life, an ethical spirit has flickered within her. Before she ac-

cepts Mat, she tells him everything and—most unique situation—in the very presence of her father. The remainder of the play is concerned with how these three people resolve their individualistic and conventional theories with their own particular needs for love and life.

Unforgettable are many scenes in the play and the long stretches of remarkable character delineation. Pauline Lord is a dynamic creature as the harassed victim of an inexplicable nemesis. Noteworthy was the frugality of her gestures, the gestures of a woman who has lost hope. George Marion was virtually perfect as the plodding, dull-witted primitive father, while Frank Shannon was ingenuous and forceful, especially in the final solemn-vow scene.

The settings by Robert Edmond Jones were remarkably successful in creating the desired Joseph Conrad sea atmosphere. Praise also is due Arthur Hopkins for the excellence of the entire production, the work of Eugenie Blair, as Marthy and the stray bits of acting by G. O. Taylor and James C. Mack.

LYCEUM. "THE GRAND DUKE." Comedy in three acts by Sacha Guitry. Produced November 1, with this cast:

Grand Duke Feodor Michaelovitch,	Lionel Atwill
Michel Alexis	Morgan Farley
Vermillon	John L. Shine
A Servant	H. Percy Woodley
A Hotel Page	Edwin Dupont
Mlle. Martinet	Lina Abarbanell
Marie Vermillon	Vivian Tobin

THE French have more talent for making something out of nothing than any other people. Their cooks excel in this respect; so do their playwrights. As far as plot is concerned, there is less than nothing in Sacha Guitry's newest piece "The Grand Duke," a little comedy made up mostly of cynical *bon mots* and ironical persiflage. Yet the play furnishes agreeable entertainment and provides an excellent acting vehicle for the virtuosity of two very capable players—Lionel Atwill, who im-

personates the *blasé*, worldly-wise Grand Duke with authority, charm and distinction, and Lina Abarbanell who is a sheer delight as a French singer once very close to the gallant Romanoff, but long since forgotten.

Exiled by the Bolsheviks, the Grand Duke amuses himself in Paris teaching execrable English to the young daughter of a newly rich plumber. Haughtily, he refuses compensation for his services and even condescends to give the plumber advice as to how his millions can best get him into society. Marie, the daughter, has also a singing teacher, Mlle. Martinet, who warbles so divinely that the wealthy plumber is badly smitten. Marie also desires lessons in physical culture—the fad of the moment—and Mlle. Martinet recommends Michel who is really the singer's son. Michel knows nothing about physical culture, but he is a good judge of girlish charm, and straight way falls in love with Marie. The Grand Duke, meantime, happens to enter the salon while the singing teacher is at the piano. Surely he recognizes that lovely voice! Yes—it is his old mistress. But he greets her coldly. The past is sacred; their relations cannot be renewed. The Duke is greatly attracted to the boy Michel. "No wonder," exclaims Mlle. Martinet, "he is your son!" The Grand Duke is shocked; then he is annoyed. It makes no difference. The boy must never know.

Finally, Michel is married off to the plumber's daughter, while the widower himself summons up courage and makes an offer of marriage to Mlle. Martinet. "I don't love him," objects the singer. "What does that matter?" is the Duke's cynical reply. "Because one marries a man, one is not expected to love him. A married woman may still have a friend outside."

The audience is left in no possible doubt as to whom the friend will be under this arrangement and the moral of the comedy, therefore, is not good. In fact, it is more subtly unmoral than the bedroom farces more coarse and frank in their in-

decencies. But what odds? No one in his senses would dream of taking a French farce seriously.

COMEDY. "THE RIGHT TO STRIKE."

A play in four acts by Ernest Hutchinson. Produced October 24 with this cast:

Elizabeth	Katherine Rober
Dr. Miller	David Torrence
Dr. Eric Miller	Schuyler White
Mary Miller	Gipsy O'Brien
Rose Ormerod	Cynthia Latham
Dr. Wrigley	Edmond Lowe
Gordon Montague	Harry Mestayer
"Tubby"	V. R. Becroft
"Sidey"	Leslie R. Benson

THE Right to Strike" held the boards of the Comedy for one week. This is not to distinguish it as the worst play of an already disastrous season. On the contrary, I thought it a most ably written paper on the conflict between labor and capital. But the public, evidently fed up on the theatrical tie-up of the railways, would have none of it. It was a drama *à thèse*, as the French put it, and two of its four acts consisted of stirring debates on the merits of the two sides of the question. The golden rule was advanced as the only solution of this ever-recurring problem.

The limited public that saw Richard Walton Tully's production of Ernest Hutchinson's timely play had at least one satisfaction. They saw one of the best acted ensembles of the season. David Torrence, as a lovable doctor of the old school drawn into a professional strike, was sweetly gentle, dignified, and impressive. His murdered son's best friend was acted with uncommon feeling, rich impulsiveness and convincing sincerity and charm by Edmond Lowe, while the professional labor agitator, this time one of social importance, was significantly and eloquently rendered by Harry Mestayer. The sketch of an M. P. labor representative was a finished portrait as pictured by George E. Riddell, and a funny doctor, insistent on the ethics of his craft, was portrayed with rich, delicious humor by John Brewer. Gipsy O'Brien was nicely sympathetic as the victim of the tragic event, and the leader of the men, in the hands of Ronald Adair, was a figure quite touching in its manly purport and ultimate despair.

HENRY MILLER'S. "INTIMATE STRANGERS." Comedy in 3 acts by

Booth Tarkington. Produced Nov. 7 with this cast:

The Station Master	Charles Abbe
Ames	Alfred Lunt
Isabel	Miss Burke
Florence	Frances Howard
Johnnie White	Glenn Hunter
Henry	Frank J. Kirk
Aunt Ellen	Elizabeth Patterson
Mattie	Clare Weldon

ADISINGENUOUS little comedy, extremely tenuous in texture, with no plot to speak of, yet not without a certain charm, and a decidedly refreshing change from the foetid atmosphere of the prevalent plague of bedroom plays—such is Booth Tarkington's "Intimate Strangers," the new vehicle selected by Billie Burke for the exhibition of her fluffy, golden-haired, effervescent personality.

Two railroad travellers—strangers to each other and of different sex, of course—are marooned at a little way station, forty miles in the mud from nowhere. There has been a bad storm, all the wires are down and no trains can get through for twenty-four hours. There is no food to be had, so under the circumstances, Isabel (Miss Burke) is compelled in common decency to share her single sandwich and her one hard boiled egg with Mr. Ames (Alfred Lunt). After this slender repast, the station master goes home, leaving the couple to spend the night together as best they can. After the susceptible Ames has declared his love and gazed into his unknown companion's wonderful eyes, he kisses her finger tips and they both drop off to sleep. This is a charming scene, admirably acted. The rôle of the woman—one that would have delighted the heart of Mrs. Fiske twenty years ago—is played in just the right key by Miss Burke, and Mr. Lunt, with his easy grace and charm of manner—is equally felicitous as the male passenger.

Interest in the later scenes, although they are entertaining enough, is not so well sustained. The following morning, the travellers are rescued by Isabel's cheeky niece, a typical flapper of the latest model. Ames has already denounced all flappers in unmeasured terms, but when Florence appears, he is carried off his feet by her breezy sauciness, much to the discomfiture of Isabel who proceeds to punish him by puzzling him as to her real age. The piece ends by their reconciliation and the inevitable marriage bells. Glenn

Hunter is capital as a love sick tongue-tied sophomore and Charles Abbe gives a realistic touch to a humorous station master.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE WANDERING JEW." A play in four phases by E. Temple Thurston. Produced October 26 with this cast:

Judith	Helen Ware
Rachel	Thais Lawton
Mathathias	Tyrone Power
Juan de Texeda	Howard Lang
Joanne de Beaudricourt	Miriam Lewes
Du Guesclin	Ralph Theodore
Michelotti	Albert Brunning
Zapportas	Sidney Herbert
Maria	Virginia Russell
Councillor	Emmet Whitney

HERE is the old familiar and glamorous Christian legend of the Jew who, offering grave insult to Christ on His way to Calvary, is condemned to wander a forlorn figure over the earth until the second coming. It is a presentment in which stately pageantry and leisurely drama move hand in hand and with almost unrelieved solemnity.

The story starts in Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, when Mathathias, at the urgent request of Judith, unwillingly seeks to persuade the Christ to come to his house to heal the sick woman, and spits in the face of the cross-bearing Saviour. Thereafter returning home, he finds Judith dead, and his wanderings begin.

In the second phase he appears as an unknown knight and is a victorious participant in a tourney at Antioch in the eleventh century. Here he wins the love of a beautiful woman, but the wailing cry, "unclean," of a leper reminds him of his curse, and the woman flees in horror from his tent.

Two hundred years later we find him in Palermo with a wife and a dead son, and are able to observe in him the progress of mental and spiritual growth and evolution.

The last phase brings him to Seville in the days of the Spanish Inquisition and its horrible *auto da fe*. It is in this scene when the old Jew, now wise, world-weary, and therefore tranquil and unafraid, is being tried for heresy, that the drama reaches its moving and breath-bating climax.

Tyrone Power, than whom none could do it better, plays the part of the Jew. From the rough and turbulent character who appears at first

and receives the curse, he develops with a sureness of touch and a wealth of unobtrusive detail the changes that make of him the commanding, serene figure who, in the final scene, rises to such a height as stills applause.

The supporting cast, not large for such a play, is in all instances sufficient, and in some cases notably fine. Apart from the star, Helen Ware, Miriam Lewes and Howard Lang deserve special praise.

The play has been mounted by Messrs. Belasco and Erlanger with a richness which is more admirable in that it is not over-elaborate, and the stage settings, especially that of the third phase with its lovely lighting effects, are a delight to the eye.

BROADHURST. "THE CLAW."

A play in four acts by Henri Bernstein, adapted by Edward Delaney Dunn and Louis Wolheim. Produced October 17 with this cast:

Jules Doulers	Charles Kennedy
Paul Ignace	E. J. Ballantine
Antoinette	Irene Fenwick
Marie	Marie Bruce
Achille Cortelon	Lionel Barrymore
Vincent Leclerc	Giorgio Majeroni
Anne Cortelon	Doris Rankin
Nathaniel	Joseph Granby
A Doorman	Ian Wolfe
Guy Germain-Leroy	Harold Winston
A Police Officer	S. B. Tobias

A PLAY wholly foreign to the New York environment and fairly old fashioned in general tone and treatment is Henri Bernstein's "The Claw," now imported for the first time to the local boards. One of Bernstein's earlier works, it lacks the sincerity and dramatic intensity that have found their way into his later plays despite the latter's invariably theatrical development and characterization. It is doubtful that Arthur Hopkins would have deemed "The Claw," now imported for the production did it not furnish to a high degree the opportunity for that thing most near to the Hopkins heart, a Barrymore holiday.

"The Claw" unquestionably provides Lionel Barrymore with the best opportunity to display virtuosity that that artist has found. As Achille Cortelon, powerful newspaper magnet and political leader, Barrymore portrays a half-lifetime of power and decay, the play covering a period of many years during which Cortelon degenerates from a virile and respected leader of socialistic forces to a corrupt and senile old man under the vicious influence of his young wife. As Cortelon, Barry-

more gives a subtle and constantly shifting impersonation, free of monotony even in the course of speeches that last for ten minutes. Without his work, "The Claw" would be of slight interest in our theatre; with it, lovers of fine acting have something to add to their list.

Irene Fenwick as the scheming young wife gives capable support, despite a certain theatrical deliberateness and self-consciousness that seems to have crept for the first time into this artist's work. The balance of the cast is far from the mark set by the two stars.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE STRAW." A drama by Eugene O'Neill. Produced November 7 with this cast:

Bill Carmody	Harry Harwood
Nora	Viola Cecil Ormonde
Tom	Richard Ross
Billy	Norris Millington
Doctor Gaynor	George Woodward
Fred Nicholls	Robert Strange
Eileen Carmody	Margalo Gillmore
Stephen Murray	John Westley
Miss Gilpin	Alice John
Mrs. Abner	Nora O'Brien
Miss Bailey	Alice Haynes
Mrs. Turner	Grace Henderson
Doctor Stanton	George Farren
Mrs. Brennan	Jennis Lamont

EUGENE O'NEILL'S much heralded drama in five scenes "The Straw," recently unfolded in a none too mature production at the Greenwich Village, proved a distinct disappointment. To be fair, the printed version of the play promised more than its production realized. A normal imagination in the reader could endow the play's characters with, at least, life-likeness and sincerity, both of which virtues were washed away by maladroit direction and half-baked acting when the piece came to mount a stage; further, the printed play had the ring of O'Neill's usual refusal to compromise, an element so vitiated by the see-sawing policy of the production as to betray the author and befuddle the spectator.

To be sure, there is little else than plot in the O'Neill tale. There is nothing behind the mere story, such as we have come to look for in the pages of the man who has created our greatest native dramatic surgings: nothing of thought or philosophy or truth and infinitely little of drama save in the last act which soars far above what goes before.

A young girl of the people contracts tuberculosis and is sent to an sanitarium. Heavy on her mind are troubles with her family and her

fiancé, a man who in her present plight seems inclined to desert her. Her only respite comes from a young man patient with whom she finds common sympathy and understanding. She encourages him to write short stories, and he meets with as sudden and miraculous success, as ever rewarded the small boy heroes of Horatio Alger. She also, it goes without saying, falls in love with him, a sentiment which he does not return. He leaves, his case arrested, and she falls rapidly to an incurable condition. He returns on a visit just before she is to be sent away to a farm for incurable consumptives and learns of the fact. Frenziedly, he protests that he loves her and will marry her and to aid her morale tells her that he has fallen ill again and that they will go away together to some other little sanitarium and there cure each other with hope and love.

O'Neill's admirable dramatic sense caused him to make very clear that the girl's case was hopeless. It is scarcely material for dramatic portrayal and is laden with a somewhat repugnant flavor. But at least, if it was to have been done at all, the full dramatic and tragic note should have been preserved. In production, however, we find most of the sanitarium scenes being played in a comic vein in an obvious effort to be not too depressing, and the masterful last act ruined utterly by a weak-minded effort to achieve a happy ending, in which the word "incurable" is put in the ash-can and a great deal of Hope piffle is handed out, with a view to making it quite manifest that Eileen's new found love and marriage will build a lung where there isn't any, and the whole thing will turn out in jolly fashion. I cannot think that Mr. O'Neill was *particeps criminis* to this absurd treatment of a play that is frankly grim, and beats uncompromisingly on the tom-toms of tragedy.

Otto Kruger, as the man patient who writes stories, was obviously at a loss to know what to do with his part, which one moment requires a farce pace and comedy delivery and again the tense sincerity of high tragedy. A handsome, healthy looking human, identified principally with comedy, he was brought into the part at the last minute apparently in an effort to lend further cheer to the rôle of the consumptive hero; he

might as well expect to play Little Tich and appear convincing. Margalo Gillmore, the talented young woman who turned "The Famous Mrs. Fair" into "The Famous Miss Gillmore" before she was through, also falls victim to inept and uncertain direction. With the exception of an occasional flash of expertness and a charming handling of her last act, throughout all of which she reclines pale and exhausted in a chair, she falls emotionally short of the play's requirements.

GLOBE. "GOOD MORNING DEARIE." A musical show, music by Jerome Kern. Book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Produced November 1

GOOD Morning Dearie," as an entertainment, is in Mr. Dillingham's best vein. It is amusing; the personnel is admirably picked and pulchritudinous. Jerome Kern's music is melodious and mellifluous, albeit a trifle monotonous—while the staging and costuming are marked by variety and ingenuity of movement and capital taste. Anne Caldwell, who supplies the book and lyrics, has contributed a praiseworthy effort. The plot is quite sufficient. There are some over-worked crooks, but they are treated with a light touch and their frustrated efforts serve to bring into high relief and ultimate reward the inherent charm and sterling worth of Rose-Marie, one of those sublimated shop girls, who are loved and respected by all alike, from her fellow workers in the shop to the son of the millionaire who finally makes her his bride. This rôle is admirably played by Louise Groody who, by vivacious grace and undeniable choreographic skill, atones for a very modest, small singing voice. Her enraptured suitor, who pulls off a fight with the enthusiasm of a Douglas Fairbanks, is pleasingly presented by Oscar Shaw. Harland Dixon between his predatory acts—he's a very attractive crook—dances with a distinctive quality of his own, while in fine contrast, quaint and queer, is William Kent, a detective. Delicious for her artless spirit and infectious humor is Ada Lewis as Mme Bompard. She's literally a scream

REPUBLIC. "THE MAN'S NAME." A play by Eugene Walter and Marjorie Chase. Produced November 15.

MR. Walter is co-author with Marjorie Chase, which means, according to the prophets of Times Square, that Miss Chase did an original manuscript which needed a tidy bit of rewriting. The latter has been effectively done. There is no better master of checkerboard drama and the technique of swift moving interest than Walter, and "A Man's Name" is an admirable example of his expertness. It comes very near to being a veritable model of pure dramaturgy. Three acts in one set, continuous action within the space of a few hours and four characters, interest from the start and never a let-down—could one ask for more? Ten years ago this might have been a "great American play," but now, in the light of the greater wisdom that has come to our theatre, it is, for all its expertness, little more than clap-trap. There is little new about the piece which has to do with that ever busy triangle, this time a husband who was sick, a wife who loved him and sought desperately to find \$3000 to send him West to cure him, and a lover who was ready to provide the latter for a favor.

Dorothy Shoemaker acted vigorously and constantly as the wife; Lowell Sherman gave an admirably restrained and sincere performance as the husband cured by tainted money; Felix Krembs was a conventional villain, and a fine bit was done by T. Tamamoto as a drunken Chinese cook.

COHAN. "THE PERFECT FOOL." A musical play in two acts, book, lyrics and music by Ed Wynn. Produced November 7.

THERE is no dearth of the Ed Wynn variety of humor in "A Perfect Fool" the latest annual concoction of Wynn jokes and vaudeville stunts. Two long acts are filled with little else and, as has been said before about something else, if you like that kind of a show "A Perfect Fool" will be just the kind of show you like. I found myself slumping into a head drooping posture after Wynn had come on in Hat No. 31 and lisped joke No. 33.

Julian Mitchell has given speed to a show which labors fearfully under the burden of having been generated *in toto* out of the mind and memory of the excellent Mr. Wynn. However captivating the latter may be in wearing a *chapeau eccentricque* or

putting across a bit of nonsense, he is unquestionably in the hadn't-oughter-do-it class of melody mixers. True enough Franz Schubert is the only man who has any really decent music on Broadway to-day, but there are at least a dozen Tin Pan Alley composerissimos able at least to do a score worthy of an echo at the Club Maurice.

CENTURY. "SOTHERN-MARLOWE IN SHAKESPEARIAN REPERTOIRE." The Sothern-Marlowe engagement at the Century has been devoted to thoroughly enjoyable productions of the Bard's plays. The success of the season in New York proved so great that it was extended for two weeks. Of the four plays presented, the performances of "The Merchant of Venice," proved the most delightful of all, if no other reason be advanced than the Portia of Miss Marlowe, in which rôle this admirable actress is seen at her best. In Portia, as, in a lesser degree, in Katherine and Viola, Miss Marlowe adds to all the attributes of form, feature, charm and manner, the touches of zest and spontaneity that make the perfection of artistry.

Mr. Sothern does not reach quite the same heights. It is through no fault of his own; but simply that Nature has not endowed him with the certain indefinable quality or gift which Miss Marlowe possesses.

He is unquestionably an artist; his work in all his rôles evidences much thought and painstaking care; while even the smallest details are given due consideration. At the same time, his Malvolio is a dry performance; his Hamlet lacks the sweeping power it might have; while in his Shylock, fine as it is in respect of a portrayal of the lust of hate and revenge, there is hardly a touch of human quality in evidence. In a word, Mr. Sothern always acts the part, while Miss Marlowe is the character.

The supporting company is large and contains many competent players. Some of them, indeed, including Frederick Lewis, Rowland Buckstone, V. L. Granville, Frances Bendtsen and Alma Kruger, do significant work; while the plays are well, yet not over-elaborately staged and costumed.

The deservedly large patronage which has been bestowed on the season, proves conclusively that Shakespeare is still a very live issue in the theatre.

TONY SARG ALSO GOES TO THE PLAY



"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" — Rattling coals doesn't seem to Auntie just a fitting accompaniment to reading the Bible, but then she doesn't belong to the younger generation, as Sidney—played by Katharine Cornell—does. That is the difference. When people get on each other's nerves the younger ones do something about it.

"THE GRAND DUKE."—"A kiss—and breakfast for two," observes "The Grand Duke" (Lionel Atwill). The one who taught him this twenty years before, played by Lina Abarbanell, almost repeats the performance. The play is like that; it is almost —



"MAIN STREET" asks us to accept a bedroom scene as a serious matter. It is to Dr. Kennicott (McKay Morris), who is used to giving his patients—oh, well, you know how successful these handsome doctors are. But his wife, played by Alma Tell, tries to dose the town with highbrow drama, and the result is this conference wherein Will longs to tell her that he loves her, but —



TONY SARG 121

"ANNA CHRISTIE."—Marthy Owen, self-styled "Barge Cow," played by Eugenie Blair, will give you all the benefits of a pleasantly rum-soaked philosophy for a drink or two. And Eugene O'Neill has generously written in her part schooner after schooner of ale.

Interviewing A Constellation Of Stars

A "Theatre" Reporter Behind the Scenes of the "Music Box Revue"

By BERNARD SOBEL

IF there is one thing in the world that I'm not afraid of, it is a theatrical star. While the general public quakes and quivers at the mention of the names of John Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Mrs. Fiske and all the rest, I give them merely a passing glance and then I ask myself, "Will they make good material for an interview?"

"No man is a hero to his valet," runs the worn-out old proverb, and no star is a hero to me. Once I have made one go through a long list of questions and answers, he straightway falls into my power forever. I am, perhaps, the only writer in captivity who knows which stars are familiar with the Einstein theory; which ones count on their fingers; and which ones are conversant with such casual topics as squaring the circle and perpetual motion.

If I threatened to disclose half the secret confidences that stars have forced on me, I could be vulgarly rich on the stage hush money they would proffer.

When the "Music Box Revue" opened, therefore, with its long list of stars, I rejoiced. "Here is my chance," I said to myself. "I'll get busy at once." So, like the man in the story who slew twenty at one stroke, I decided to take on the whole stellar constellation at one sitting—an unprecedented feat.

Without any formality whatsoever, I forced myself back stage and shoved my way into the dressing rooms, without regard for alphabetical order or salary proportions. As a result, I obtained information which the world has long desired to know: how so many stars can shine together without obscuring their own light and just what the sparks look like when they happen to collide.

THE first star I encountered was that famous comedian, Sam Bernard, once a member of the Weber & Fields' all-star revues.

"Mr. Bernard," I said abruptly, "have you a sense of humor?"

"I certainly have," he said, just as abruptly, "I can enjoy anything that's humorous if it is humorous according to my sense of humor. But why talk about such matters? If you are going to put me into print, I'd rather have you talk about Sam Bernard, Jr., instead of Sam Bernard. Sam Bernard, Jr., is my son, as you may have surmised. He goes to Cornell University and he goes there because he won a free scholarship which entitles him to go there. I want him to work his way up just as I worked my way up. Though I did win the attention of the public way back in the days of Weber and Fields, I had a hard time of it, because—"

Mr. Bernard interrupted himself and then flashed me a keen, questioning glance.

"Are you a drinking man?" he asked; but before I could answer the question he went on talking.

"Cellars are so popular these days that I

like to have anyone know that I started my career in a sub-cellar. This sub-cellar was on the East Side, at the corner of Baxter and Worth streets, and it was known as the Grand Duke vaudeville theatre. The admission was five cents and I assure you that the show was worth every cent of that amount. I made my first hit here and later I worked for B. F. Keith in a continuous vaudeville show. We gave seven shows a day and the first show took place before I had my breakfast. In those days I frequently mistook art for hunger and hunger for art. These days, of course—but you will have to excuse me, for there goes my cue," and before I could lay violent hands on him, he had disappeared.

THE next moment I was ensconced in the commodious dressing room of the delightfully funny Florence Moore, she of bed-room farce fame.

"Miss Moore," I said solemnly, "have you a sense of humor?"

"I have not," she declared savagely. "Looking for jokes and telling them is too serious a business to permit me to develop a sense of humor. Why, I spend all my odd moments looking for jokes and when I finally do get one, I usually find that it's one of the 'old boys,' again. Yet, it's the 'old boys' done over which get the best laughs. However, there is nothing so disastrous as a poor joke. It can ruin a whole evening."

As if to prove this statement, Miss Moore made a number of her characteristic funny faces, stuck out her tongue and sang a Galli-Curci cadenza fortissimo.

"After all," she continued, "the comedians are always the saddest at rehearsals, even Sam Bernard, and he's the richest of us all. The dancers go through one, two, three, kick; four, five, six, whirl, and they smile all through the process. The singers—oh, ah and tra-la and also, do, me, so, do—and they smile, likewise. But we comedians have to be serious. Most of us, in fact, have had a training in serious drama and, as a result, we really feel the sadness of a situation before we gauge its humor. Nevertheless, apropos to nothing at all, I must tell you that when the King and Queen of Belgium were here, I had the honor of being presented to them, formally.

I GAVE them a courtesy and then I gave them a kiss on the hand. Someone said, however, that I should also have slipped on a banana peel and given them a laugh. Now that it's all over, I really wish I had. In spite of everything though, I never want to retire, because I am afraid that the public might learn to get along without me and that would hurt my pride. My parting advice to you is this: if you should grow fat and then want to grow thin, be sure to join a revue."

The lady had finished and it was my next

move to walk into the adjoining dressing room where Wilda Bennett, lovely prima donna, stood resplendent in a cloth of gold Valesquez costume.

"Miss Bennett," I murmured, with the utmost politeness, "I am going to ask you an impertinent question. May I?"

"No, you may not. I don't feel impertinent today," she answered. "I feel Spanish; so I could not give you a good answer. You see, as Miss Moore declares, we are all very happy back here—just one happy family. Indeed, all the stars act so natural and so friendly that I am beginning to suspect that they are not stars. We have great fun every minute that we're here, and when the management can't get us down for regular performances, it calls us in for extra rehearsals and to have our pictures taken. When I get done playing revues, I am going to play the races and if I can't play the races, I'm going to play Camille. Just why, I don't know, but the truth is that we are going to have tea back here soon and we would like to have you stay for some. But we have only one tea cup for the whole crowd; so I guess we had better not ask you.

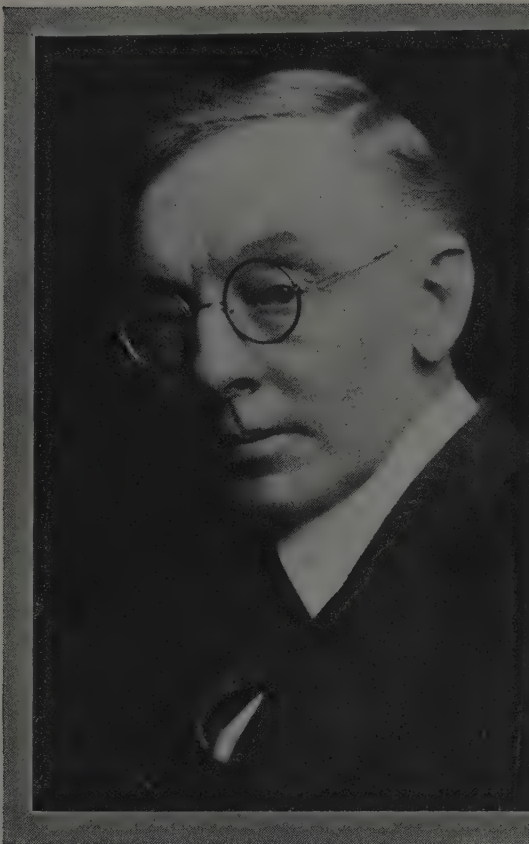
This remark, of course, constituted my dismissal, *cela va sans dire*. I wish sincerely, notwithstanding that the public might have a glimpse of those two adjoining dressing rooms, for despite the banter and the gayety both Miss Bennett and Miss Moore are constantly studying and striving ambitiously. Everyone in their little domain, including the maids, speaks French, and every moment that the stars are not dressing, making-up or playing, they are studying French verbs, chattering in that idiom or reading some new French play or book.

MY interview with Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley was half by proxy and half by hearsay, for this busy couple rarely meet except when they are on the stage together.

"Tell me something about yourself that you don't want the public to know," I said persuasively to Miss Sawyer.

"Oh, there are lots of things I don't want the world to know," she answered swiftly, "but—I am not telling what they are. But just this once. I'll tell you one of my biggest faults. It is bringing home toys to our little boy. When we were young, Mr. Santley and I, we didn't have many toys; so now we even things up by giving the boy all he wants. As a result, when I come home, my little son doesn't say, 'How are you mother, dear?' but, 'What have you brought me tonight?'"

As a result, the nurse has forbidden me to bring home any more. Back stage I spend all my time with the members of the 'Ha Ha' club, which includes Mile. Marguerite and three other famous dancers. I provide them with cookies, candy, fresh fruit, walnuts, tea and coffee. You see, all is contentment back here, despite the fact that virtually everyone is a star."



HARRY DAVENPORT

Fifty years on the stage is the proud record of this veteran actor, now playing the character part of David Lee, the vestry-hounded minister in "Thank You." Middle-aged theatregoers still remember with delight his dashing juvenile Harry Bronson in "The Belle of New York" with Edna May, a quarter of a century ago; then in "The Liberty Bells," at the old Madison Square. Next in character parts The Duke of St. Kills, in "A Country Mouse" and so on until in "Three Wise Fools" he again won Broadway's applause



WILLIAM DANFORTH

A veteran of the palmy days when Gilbert and Sullivan set a pace for light operetta that has never since been equalled, William Danforth's best remembered characterizations are those of Dick Deadeye in "Pinafore" and the title rôle in "The Mikado." Making his début at the age of twelve, he has played prominent parts in a great number of Broadway successes, notably: "Wang," "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Yankee Consul," "Miss Hook of Holland," and "Robin Hood." He also spent ten years with Frank Daniels



IVAN SAMSON

It was his talented portrayal of Orlando which attracted the attention of Doris Keane to this Russian-English actor who deserted the Hamersmith Company and the paternal name of Samsonoff for "Romance" and Samson. He is Miss Keane's leading man in "The Czarina"



CHARLES ELLIS

As one of the frail Margaret's several lovers in "Ambush"—the first to lead her astray—this young actor gave renewed evidence of that dramatic understanding glimpsed in the Provincetown Players' production of Eugene O'Neill's "Diff'rent"

Photos Ira L. Hill

OLD AND NEW ACTORS WHO SCORE ON BROADWAY

As soon as I got the chance, I asked Mr. Santley if Miss Sawyer had been speaking the truth.

"Every word of them," he said quickly. "She's been saying the same things since her school days. Besides," he added, "I'm so busy changing costumes these days that I really don't know what she talks about."

A most vivacious figure is Mr. Santley behind the scenes as well as in front. He joshes everyone from A to Z. No sooner had a feature dancer returned from a triumphant encore than he announced that the dancer's entire number would be cut out of the show and a moment later he declared that Mr. Berlin had no ear for music.

I am a man without a temperament," he explained, "because temperament takes too

much time. It keeps a person so busy trying to prove he has one that he can't find time for anything else."

My interviews were going along so smoothly that I began to grow disappointed. "Are all these stars really going to do what I wish them to do?" I asked myself. "Isn't one of them going to give me a time-honored illustration of temperament?"

I was not to be disappointed, however. That very moment something happened. William Collier refused positively to be interviewed. I was particularly anxious to talk to him because of his rare spirit of fun and his distinctive place in our most famous revues. But no fun would he offer and no reminiscence would he reminisce. The fault, of course, was mine: I had come around later than I had

stated. But I apologized devoutly.

"But, Mr. Collier," I said finally, "if you won't give me an interview, please let me make one up. The public will believe anything it sees in print."

"Don't you write one single word that I haven't said," he shouted threateningly and that concluded his remarks.

I begged, pleaded, implored, petitioned, besought, complimented and cajoled; but to no avail. Mr. William Collier would not say a single word.

As I hurried over to Irving Berlin's room, however, I felt a sense of happiness and exultation, for I had found at least one star who still treasured temperament.

Mr. Berlin talked with me in about five
(Continued on page 60)

Vaudeville's Third-of-a-Century Jubilee



Marceau

E. F. ALBEE
Head of the Keith
Circuit

AS the curtain rings down for the last time on the old Union Square Theatre on Fourteenth Street, the history of the first house in New York to house modern vaudeville becomes a closed book.

Today, there are twenty-four theatres in greater New York, alone, which fly the banner of

the B. F. Keith Circuit. Their seating capacity at a single performance is 50,000 people. All this has been accomplished within the span of twenty-eight years.

Back in 1893, B. F. Keith was just succeeding in making vaudeville respectable up in Boston. He had moved from the cramped quarters of his little "store show" on Washington Street, into the beautiful Bijou Theatre, which caused quite a sensation by the luxury of its appointments in those days. He was offering all the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, with his own Gaiety Opera Company, organized by E. F. Albee, present head of the Keith Circuit. Vaudeville was becoming one of the most popular amusements among the better class of Boston's citizenry—whereas, the old variety which had preceded it until the Keith idea made itself felt, was taboo in polite society. No respectable woman would have dreamed of entering a variety house.

It came time to branch out. In New York there were two variety theatres at this time, Koster and Beal's, and the famous Tony Pastor's. But New York was anxious to see

a specimen of the new vaudeville, which was making such a sensation in cultured Boston.

Mr. Keith came down and looked the ground over, and decided that the Union Square Theatre was the one best suited to his purpose. It was decidedly an uptown house (or considered so in those days), and therefore, calculated to attract the class of patronage which it was Keith's ideal to see in his theatres.

The theatre was not a new one by any means. Built fifty years ago as a variety house, it had in turn been taken over by the legitimate. Kate Claxton played the "Two Orphans" here for a run of 180 nights, a record in those days, not broken many times since. Clara Morris, Eliza Weatherby, Clara Jennings, Emily Mestayer and James O'Neill had also been favorites at the old Union Square in the series of French and English melodramas put on by A. M. Palmer.

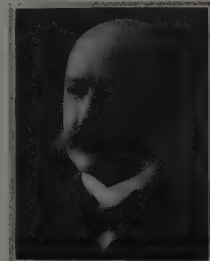
Under the Keith management the theatre took on a new lease of life. Determined to capture the best of the New York theatre-

going public, the great vaudeville impresario decided that the first step was to give them a suitable theatre. Mr. Albee, who has always had entire charge of the building of the Keith theatres, and who practically revolutionized modern theatre building, was summoned from Boston to take charge of the task

of rebuilding the Union Square. No expense was spared. The theatre was enlarged, the pitch of the aisles changed, new seats put in; smoking rooms and lounges were added for the comfort of the patrons. Back of the stage, everything was ripped out; old "hole-in-the-corner" dressing rooms gave way to modern ones, with plenty of light and air, baths, etc. An elevator was installed and new lighting system; draperies and carpets of the finest were ordered. On the opening night of the new Proctor and Keith house, as many people came to see the theatre as to look at the bill—and they were not the old masculine variety audience, either—there were well-dressed women there with their husbands and daughters. Vaudeville had taken its place as one of the greatest factors in the amusement of the metropolis.

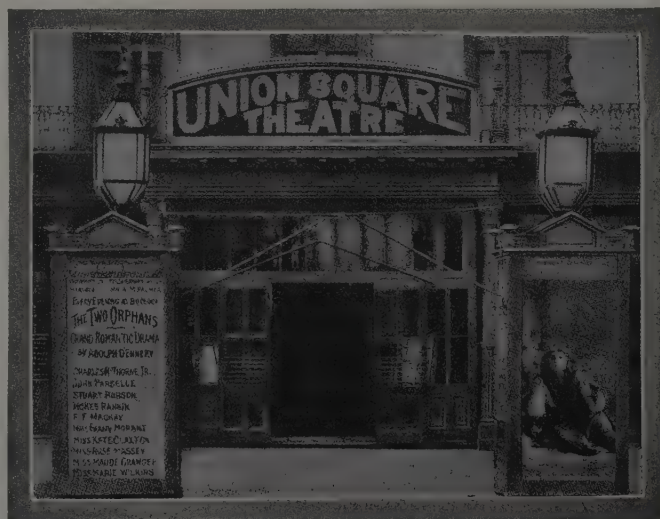
On that first bill were the "Four Cohans." Georgie, in those days, had won fame as a kid violinist. With him were his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Cohan, and his sister Josephine. Montgomery and Stone appeared on the same bill, which set

(Continued on page 60)



Marceau

B. F. KEITH
The father of modern
vaudeville



EXTERIOR OF THE OLD UNION SQUARE THEATRE

The original home of "The Two Orphans," under A. M. Palmer's régime, this historic playhouse was later taken over by B. F. Keith for the purpose of introducing modern vaudeville in New York



Diem

LILLIAN AND DOROTHY GISH IN "THE TWO ORPHANS"

This is not the first time d'Ennery's famous melodrama has been filmed. The play had a remarkable run at the old Union Square Theatre in the seventies. It has been revived many times since and has also been screened, but it is safe to say that D. W. Griffith has given the story a setting it has never yet enjoyed. The above shows the two orphans Louise, the blind girl (Dorothy Gish inside the coach) and her sister, Henriette (Lillian Gish) on their way to Paris where all their troubles begin

Worth While Pictures of the Month

By FRANK VREELAND

MOTION pictures lately have become principally pictures. The photoplay pundits appear to have decided that what the public wants principally are spectacles, with plenty of persons seething about—the Brooklyn Bridge crush, so to speak, shown through the ages. Remarkable settings are also made a paramount feature, so that one can almost see a producer waving his hand over the mountings and exclaiming proudly, "See, I can bring all this into existence with one turn of my wrist. Kindly notice the unlimited resources."

Many of the movies could have been called by the same general title, "No Expense Spared." Picturesque garb, silks and satins are strewn before the camera with a lavish hand that indicates a sharp eye for the patronage of the cloak and suit business. Even Will Rogers wears tights, a plume and a cape and forswears those two mainstays of his art, throwing lariats and chewing gum. Naturally in all this display of the purely objective and decorative the acting is lost in the bushes, or wanders off down a corridor. But then, considering the quality of so much film acting, one can passively endure having much of the histrionism skulking behind the scenes.

FOREMOST in this emphasis of the pictorial side of the screen comes "Theodora," the ambitious Italian spectacular production that has been brought to be acclimated in this country, possibly with some idea that an historical romance had a chance now that Wells was making history itself seem romantic. The views of ancient Byzantium when it was the capital of the Roman Empire under Justinian and his empress, Theodora, at the time when Christianity was still strangely mixed with pagan witchcraft—when piety was tintured with love potions—are matchless, and D. W. Griffith might easily regret that he never thought of them first.

Miles of superb, gleaming palace spaces and of quaint streets of the period, a tremendous, far-flung hippodrome that looked as though it had been made on the premises at Byzantium itself, a cavernous, forbidding dungeon, a charming country villa and limpid water scenes—all these inspire to a frenzy of adjectives. It is the kind of picture to set press agents wild. And excellent photography goes far toward justifying their throes of eulogy, while students of archaeology can now go to the movies without fear that they have betrayed their devotion to the ruins of the Acropolis.

But it is a picture to impress rather than inspire, for the lavish fancy, rather than dramatic imagination, which has been displayed is not of the sort to make spectators gnaw their programmes tensely. When one sees the populace stirred to revolt against the emperor by *Andreas*, the Athenian patrician, one murmurs, "My, can't they run!" And when one sees the herd of lions turned loose on the arena throngs by the empress to save her lover, the rebellious *Andreas*, one exclaims, "Goodness, weren't they clever in getting the lions to climb up the walls like that?"

It is only occasionally that one gets a real dramatic shiver, as in the scenes where *Andreas* creeps stealthily up the magnificent palace stairway to assassinate the emperor and manages to convey the *mysterioso* atmosphere despite the prosaic iron derby he wears.

Again at the close there is a very poignant moment when the empress administers a fatal poison to her lover in mistake for a love philtre, and here splendid heights are reached by Rita Jolivet, who plays the courtesan who found she could behave herself as an emperor's wife just so long and no longer.

Miss Jolivet brings stateliness, poise and a handsome presence to the picture, and she is deservedly featured above the lions.

POLA NEGRI appears once more with her witchery in "One Arabian Night," which is really "Sumurun" going to its final resting-place on the screen. There is plenty of vivid local color here, and probably an inhabitant of bygone Bagdad himself might be confused in the dark, winding, bizarre streets. The palace has been fitted up in a style that outdoes even a musical comedy castle.

Something of the hectic breath of this erotic tale of the wild gypsy who loved many men, seemingly just for the exercise, and of the hunchback who was devoted to her, undaunted by the ferocious beard of the powerful Sheik who took her, sweeps over the picture occasionally. But the furnace for keeping the atmosphere warm seems to have been unevenly stoked by Ernst Lubitsch, the producer, and sometimes the effect is of a lot of baggily-trousered persons of both sexes popping in and out of boxes with strict attention to the best French farce models, and then fussing over piles of sofa cushions.

Mile. Negri does much for it, even to the point of hanging by her hands from a bridge when she's pursued, and her piquant face and fascinating eyes are again adjusted to a gypsy gait, at which she seems to do most of her travelling before the camera. But mere acrobatics of eyes and feet are not always triumphant, especially as Lubitsch, himself playing the rôle of the dwarfed clown, insists on having paroxysms all over the lot, apparently for the pleasure of getting kinks in his muscles.

WITH "Peter Ibbetson" one passes from the realm of the pictorial and physical to a photoplay where acting values get a chance, and the spiritual isn't hidden so much behind statuary or elephants. Wallace Reid with a marcel wave might not have been considered the best player for John Barrymore's rôle of the young pugilist who becomes a life-term prisoner, yet he manages to get under the hair of the part. Elsie Ferguson as *Mimsi*, the *Duchess of Towers*, is all that could be desired, a mid-Victorian daguerreotype brought to life. With her discreet, exquisitely modulated performance she indicates that suppressed desires existed long before Freud. George Fawcett, as the old veteran of the Napoleonic wars, who taught them to dream true, adds more lustre to a well-nigh faultless stellar cast, in which Charles Eaton plays a juvenile rôle without the customary result of setting an adult's teeth on edge. Charming old-wordly scenes, and interesting trick photography, novel to the point of tripple exposure in the visions which bring the lovers together, combine to make this a refuge from the present world for an hour—a "perfect dream of a picture."

IN William S. Hart's latest, "White Oak," one finds action more heavily stressed, and the actor on the whole getting the better of the scenery, though the latter makes a game struggle. The Mississippi river and the big mountains of its border in the pioneer days of the '50's will not down readily. Still, Hart manages to attract much attention to himself as the king of the river gamblers, who goes career-ing in search of his sister's betrayer and incidentally picks up a love affair himself, in spite of having so much earnest shooting on his hands. After doing a little plain swimming in chase of a picturesque old-fashioned river steamer and then some fancy digging to get himself out of jail before it's his turn to be hanged for murder, Hart routs single-handed a swarm of Indians who are stirringly attacking a wagon-train, just to show he wasn't slighting any of his capabilities in writing this story for himself. Hart puts it over, too, without a single laugh from the spectators. Altogether, this film is Grade A of his stock-in-trade, largely by grace of a big black dog who takes acting in the movies very seriously.



The way of a man with a maid in the mid-Victorian era. Fairfax Rochester (Norman Trevor) discusses the English marriage service with his bride-to-be, the demure Jane Eyre (Mabel Ballin)



In these days of rolled stocking flappers, Jane Eyre with her quiet charm and easy poise makes an irresistible appeal



Photos J. R. Diamond

There is a strong will underneath that serenity of the gentle Jane Eyre as the domineering Rochester finds out when he woos her



Jane awakens Rochester before the fire, which has been started by the latter's maniac wife, has had time to do any harm

BRONTE'S "JANE EYRE" A PICTURESQUE AND APPEALING FILM

In The Spotlight

KATHARINE CORNELL

This young actress enjoys the distinction of being one of two Americans selected for the English cast of "A Bill of Divorcement." As Sidney, the sophisticated flapper, she shows the same spontaneity and piquant manner which marked her work with the Washington Square Players, when she attracted the attention of William A. Brady who sent her on tour in the leading rôle of "The Man Who Came Back."



Photo Abbe

(Below)

BARRY BAXTER

This English juvenile of infectious laugh runs a close second to Ina Claire in whatever honors attach to "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." A. H. Woods brought him from London for "Too Many Husbands," and then he was seen with Laurette Taylor in "One Night in Rome." Later he appeared in "Happy-Go-Lucky."



Photo Lewis Smith



Photo Harwood

JOHN ROGERS

The amusing valet Garabato in "Blood and Sand" is only one of the amusing stage characterizations in the repertoire of this talented English comedian. Born in Manchester, a son of a well-known actor-manager of his day, Mr. Rogers began his stage career at the age of seven. This is his fifth year with Otis Skinner. He has also played with Nat Goodwin, William Faversham, Maxine Elliot and others.



Photo Murray

ANN HARDING

This personable young actress, lately seen playing opposite James Gleason in "Like a King," is a new comer to Broadway. Her beauty and distinction of manner, added to an astonishing wealth of golden hair, first attracted attention in the Provincetown Players' production of "Inheritors." She is now playing the part of June Gray in "Lonely Heart."

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

Two Lovely Types of

Outdoor Theatres

(Three others are illustrated on page 43)



THE FOREST THEATRE

The Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Frederick H. Koch, Director. A Theatre of Nature in the heart of the native forest, canopied by stately oaks. The hill-slope is perfectly adapted as an amphitheatre of Nature, capable of seating five thousand people. The acoustic properties of the Theatre are admirable. The background of the stage is furnished by a variety of forest trees—the cedar, the sweet-gum, the flowering dogwood and others—with interlacing honeysuckle vines. A semicircular rock-wall forms the proscenium.



THE BANKSIDE THEATRE

The Dakota Playmakers, founded by Frederick H. Koch in 1914, located at Grand Forks, North Dakota. Of the Bankside Theatre Mr. H. K. Moderwell wrote: "It is the first to make use of the natural curve of a stream to separate the stage from the auditorium. The stream is a natural means of marking off the 'Mystische Abgrund' of Wagner. It fittingly separates the real people of the auditorium from the pretending people of the stage. Yet it is not so wide as to make the stage seem distant. Further, it has proved to be of special value in serving as a sound reflector, and has helped to give the Bankside Theatre admirable acoustic qualities."

The Community Theatre Out-of-Doors

Shall It Be of the Greek, Garden or Nature Type?

By SHELDON CHENEY

ONE of the dangers of the Little Theatre movement, perhaps the greatest danger aside from contentment with over-amateurish standards, lies in the direction of over-specialization, the narrowing of all the creative dramatic talent of a community into a rut, into a single type of production limited by one dominating artist's conception of what constitutes stage art. Thus it is easy to call to mind certain producing groups whose work bears the reputation, with some justice, of being "precious"; some others are so afraid of being "highbrow" that they never do anything above second-rate vaudeville standards; and still others confine their interest to plays with spectacular possibilities, or "plays with a punch"—all to the destruction of breadth of vision and experience. One of the best correctives for this narrowing tendency lies in occasional productions out-of-doors: a field demanding its own types of stage, special methods of production, and even a dramatic theory differing widely from any that can be developed through indoor staging.

There are those who believe that a return to the open would cure *all* the evils of the contemporary stage. But so long as we continue to live in a latitude where extreme hot and extreme cold weather follow each other with tax-date regularity, and so long as man remains the comfort-loving animal he is, the bulk of our plays are likely to appear on the more secure indoor stage, which has its own virtues as well as its own vices. There are, nevertheless, other virtues in open-air production which cannot be attained within doors; opportunities for unique kinds of dramatic beauty, opportunities for wider community participation, a closer relationship between audiences and players, an atmosphere distinctively its own. In short, this is a legitimate and attractive field of creative dramatic work, quite apart from the "regular" stage, and holding some wholesome lessons for the usually-sophisticated indoor producer.

* * *

THE West Coast has perhaps progressed farther than the East in these matters, due in part to the climate of California, which (the Californians no longer attempt to keep it secret) is the most equable, the most glorious in the world. But during the last few years there have been built several notable outdoor theatres between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, and there has been an immense amount of activity in open-air producing all over the country.

An open-air production can be given without a theatre: on lawns (the White House lawn has been so utilized), in adapted natural amphitheatres, on the banks of rivers, in woodland clearings—and this sort of informal presentation often is quite acceptable. But both economy and wider artistic usefulness suggest the wisdom of permanent stages. Fortunately the producer is more and more often finding at his disposal complete outdoor playhouses, specially designed with relation to preserving the natural advantages

of the site, and to providing an adequate stage with full lighting equipment, and comfortable seating arrangements for the audience. No community should be satisfied with less, now that the experimental period in designing outdoor theatres has more or less passed.

In studying existing examples, it is interesting to trace the ways in which certain forms of stage tend to develop specialized types of drama. For instance, the famous "Grove Plays" of the San Francisco Bohemian Club are so absolutely an outgrowth of the conditions imposed by the steep wooded hillside stage that they could not be presented adequately anywhere else; the "Mountain Plays" presented in the Mount Tamalpais Theatre have to be chosen from an exceedingly small list of available dramas because the average play is simply "lost" against the hugely-proportioned background of woods, mountains, valley and sea; and even the rigid wall of a Greek theatre, or the suave hedge-walls of a garden theatre, though less limiting, bring their own restrictions, their special opportunities and their exclusions.

* * *

RIGHT there is the first large problem to be faced by community groups contemplating the building of a theatre out-of-doors. Even after the decision is made to stick to a "generally useful" form of theatre, the builders' troubles may be only beginning. For in gathering expert advice they may run the opinion of one of the country's foremost producers of outdoor plays, to the effect that the *only* logical type of playhouse for a community to build is the Greek or architectural theatre; only to be faced with the equally unalterable conviction of an equally famous pageant-master that only a purely natural stage, without the artificial touch of architectural walls or platform, can serve the community well.

The contradiction is less a sign of undue crystallization of ideals among pageant-producers, Greek play enthusiasts and apostles of woodland Shakespeare, than an indication of an uncomfortable truth, namely that no one outdoor theatre will ever be equal to the requirements of *all* types of open-air drama: intimate Shakespeare comedy and extensive pageant, stark Greek tragedy and colorful, musical masque, mountain play and little girls' dancing.

There are outdoor performers for whom these considerations will have no meaning: the "society" group wanting only to use dramatic art for charity-function purposes, a certain type of actor who can declaim at his best (and loudest) only in God's out-of-doors, the virginal but not-too-reticent young lady who is ready to do her Aphrodite-nightly dancing stunt on any stage, willy-nilly. To these one platform is as good as another, Greek columns as fitting as a curtain of trees; but for the sake of the many producing groups seeking adequate facilities for present-

ing legitimate drama or pageant, it seems worth while to suggest briefly the points of difference, and special advantages of the types of playhouse.

* * *

ORDINARILY the types of structure are divided into three groups—an arbitrary but useful classification: First, the Greek theatres, built in direct imitation or as adaptations of the ancient Greek (or Roman) theatres, and shading off into similar purely architectural and stadium-like structures, but always characterized by a rigid stage wall; second, nature theatres, where formal architecture is practically excluded, a natural landscape, whether of woods and hills or of meadows and streams, being shaped informally for dramatic uses; and third, garden theatres, intimate little playhouses designed on formal architectural lines, but with clipped hedges, pergolas and similar garden accessories utilized as materials instead of stone, concrete and wood. Reference to the three "type" pictures on the opposite page will make clear the outline differences, with regard to materials, stage background, and relation between stage and auditorium. The chief difference not made apparent by the photographs is that the Greek theatre is usually very large (perhaps the only sort of large theatre retaining any feeling of intimacy), the nature theatres vary from tiny woodland clearings to immense pageant grounds, while the garden theatres are almost always small, intimate, cosy-feeling.

Naturally there are theatres combining characteristics of two of the types. The Rosemary Theatre, probably the most famous outdoor playhouse in the neighborhood of New York City, is by exact definition a garden theatre, but with the immense size and spaciousness of a Greek theatre; the so-called "Greek Theatre" at Pomona, California, has an architectural auditorium and a nature stage; and the beautiful little Dell Theatre at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, has both the clipped hedge side wings of the garden stage and the natural background of the nature theatre.

But there is a certain advantage in sticking to type, at least to this extent: if the stage is conceived as being of the *teatro di verdura* type, buildings should be rigidly excluded from the stage area, and any architectural element to be seen in off-stage vistas should be planted out; while an architectural stage should be frankly architectural and enclosing, without vistas out into pretty woods or gardens. The point is that each theatre or each type has an atmosphere of its own, which should be conceived first by the designer and kept distinctive in the building, and which should later be respected by the users.

* * *

ALL of which leads back to the necessity of deciding *beforehand* what are to be the chief uses of the contemplated structure, and
(Continued on page 66)

THE GARDEN THEATRE

Formal hedges mask entrances and exits in this unusually lovely outdoor theatre on the estate of Henry E. Bothin at Montecito, California



THE GREEK THEATRE

The Cranbrook Greek Theatre on the estate of George G. Booth at Cranbrook, near Detroit. An Example of the Greek or architectural type of open-air theatre



THE DELL THEATRE

Of the Hill School at Pottstown, Pa. An example of combined garden theatre and nature theatre forms

The Outdoor Theatre—Three Distinct Types

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMS

Community Service, Incorporated

HOW shall we organize community drama in our town?" "How can the desire for it be created?" "Can we outline an entire year's program for our church, school or club this winter?" "What plays shall we produce and where may we get them?" "Where can we find some simple, practical instructions in scenery, lighting, costumes and make-up?"

These are questions being asked today by people all over the United States. Nor are they being asked in vain. No church, school, association, club or individual need be without this information today in a perfectly clear-cut, definite form. For, in the new handbook, "Community Drama," just issued by Community Service, Inc., 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, this is furnished direct for the nominal sum of fifty cents, including postage.

The handbook is a little compass for the world of amateur drama. It contains suggestions for a community-wide program of dramatic activities and instructions how to organize an institute and create a Dramatic Club. It makes available for dramatic workers and community groups and for all interested in building up community drama, information and suggestions based on experience and successful accomplishment. If you are interested now—and there is no better month for the planting than January—write for the handbook and the bulletins—and take the first steps in organizing a community drama program in your town for the year.

"It is through taking part in plays and through watching one's friends take part in plays," says Howard S. Braucher, Executive Secretary of Community Service, Incorporated, "that culture and knowledge are assimilated as they cannot be in ways which do not touch the emotions. It is through the dramatic method that significant moments in history are interpreted, and that imagination is made to function more vitally in the lives of the people. The purpose of Community Drama is to make people more generous and more understanding of the lives of other people. Drama once was largely under religious auspices. Again, it should be used to deepen the religious spirit of the age."

* * *

MR. BRAUCHER, who after graduating from Cornell University in 1903, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1905, was formerly a Worker with the Church of the Convent, and the Madison Square Church House of New York. Following courses in Teachers' College, Columbia, and the New York School of Philanthropy, he worked in Portland, Me., for several years as secretary of the Associated Charities, serving during 1908, as Secretary of the Maine State Conference of Charities and Correction.

In 1909, Mr. Braucher became affiliated with the Playground and Recreation Association of America, of which Joseph Lee of Boston was founder and president. Side by side with Mr. Lee, he helped to build up this organization which, during the World War, was asked by



MAY PASHLEY HARRIS

Director of Bureau of Dramatics, New York Community Service, has organized and directed a number of civic pageants throughout Greater New York during the past three years

the Government Commissions on Training Camp Activities, to take over the recreation work in the communities outside and adjoining the camps, under the official name of War Camp Community Service.

* * *

TRAILS were then blazed into new fields of community endeavor; far vistas cut into other horizons than America had known before the war. Out of the union of the two constructive organizations, Community Service (Incorporated) gradually evolved. It exists to assist American communities in making the leisure time of their citizens more valuable and more expressive through community recreation. In its effort to promote citizenship, neighborliness, community spirit and happiness, it finds that the nation-wide development of amateur drama, from a community standpoint, is an essential element in the building up of community spirit. As Mr. Braucher says, it is the purpose of Community Service to build up a modern revival of community dramatics, "so that the dramatic method may be fully utilized for the building up of community spirit." Accordingly, in practically all sections of the United States there are stationed today trained dramatic leaders, young women and young men who are play and pageant directors and organizers. A few of these specialists are equipped to organize Drama Institutes or Training Schools for leaders.

In the suggestions sent out in bulletin form from national headquarters, Mr. Braucher makes clear to everyone the purpose of Community Service in the dramatic field, as follows: "To give opportunity for an ever rising type of dramatic self-expression. It may be legitimate to have the first effort a minstrel show but it would not be legitimate to continue to present minstrel shows or low comedy," he says, "To give to more or less advanced groups who may be ready to present plays of a high order an opportunity to do so for the benefit of the community. The pageant is an occasional and temporary form of dramatic art. The special interest of Community Service is not in pageants but in the

use of the dramatic effort continuously throughout the year by various groups—church, lodge, club, school, neighborhood, community center. Each dramatic worker in Community Service should understand thoroughly story playing, the little theatre movement, the various plays, shorter and longer, which are suitable for children of various ages and for adults. Above all community dramatics should give an opportunity for an expression of the beautiful, for an increased appreciation on the part of the entire community of the beautiful."

* * *

PERHAPS nothing has been more significant during 1921 than the renaissance of Drama in the church. This circumstance is especially considered in the Community Drama handbook and a discriminating selection is given of religious plays for Christmas and Easter festivals and certain dramatizations of Bible stories.

Religious Drama, together with Community Drama, were the joint features in the Training Course for Directors held during the fall months under the auspices of the Drama Department of New York Community Service at the Penn. Terminal Building, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

This Drama Institute was organized and directed by May Pashley Harris, with Mabel A. Tallmadge as assistant director.

This New York School has been one of the most important and interesting developments of the year in the world of amateur drama. It has had the active cooperation and volunteer assistance of such a group of drama experts as can be found perhaps only in New York.

* * *

THE course in community drama was conducted under a combination of lecture and workshop methods. The students, numbering about forty in all, were divided into groups to permit of intensive individual training in the practical responsibilities of stage craft and directing. A definite assignment of individual, practical work under supervision has been one of the requirements. Said May Pashley Harris: "The purpose of our school was to increase the resources of New York in dramatic leadership and raise the standards here of community drama. The most practical means for reaching this end is, of course, to make directors more efficient and help to bring about a greater demand for their services by the community. This attempt was our first really organized effort on a large scale; because of the demand it will most probably be repeated in January and February. The enrollment was limited and the price simply nominal. The course was open to both men and women engaged in some phase of dramatic work who wished to further their technical knowledge, and also to those expecting to take up dramatic directing. We will, no doubt, have the same conditions in the winter course. There is such an increased use of the dramatic method in church work, especially in New York churches, that the field for trained leadership here is most promising."

FASHION

By Pauline Morgan



Travis Burton. 1921

A Fashionable Restaurant at the Tea Hour

MARGUERITE NAMARA, brilliant coloratura of the Chicago Opera Association, entertains several of her intimates at one of the smart New York hotels. Although she has just returned from London, she wears a stunning "made-in-America" coat dress of cafe-au-lait velour brocaded in dark brown wool and gilt, and trimmed with wide bands of opossum. She chats with a noted Russian dancer, costumed in a long-skirted frock of lustrous black satin banded in skunk.



Iva L. Hill Studio

ELSIE FERGUSON PROVES THAT AN
ARTIST CAN BE FASHIONABLE AS
WELL AS ARTISTIC

THIS season Miss Ferguson's wardrobe is composed almost wholly of Callot gowns, and knowing Miss Ferguson's penchant for clever sleeve treatment, we suspect that this has been a decided factor in her choice. The house gown above is a dream of loveliness, both in color and simplicity of line. Tinsel and pastel shades of blue and rose combine in metal cloth as soft as satin, with bretels and a crush bodice bow of lustrous black satin. The robe is adjusted like a coat

MISS FERGUSON RE-
TURNS TO THE SPOKEN
DRAMA IN "THE
VARYING SHORES"



Ira L. Hill Studio



The black velvet Callot model above has an unusual appeal—the graceful panel sleeves, and the clever manner of draping the skirt high in front with a shower tassel of pearls is decidedly new

To the right is an adorable two-piece suit of black satin—the skirt draped high at the side to show an edge of gold lace trouser, and a long panel sash swinging from the waist. The cut of the coat is worth your attention

And the over-blouse to be worn with the suit is of Chinese-yellow crepe, embroidered in peacock-blue and gold, and fringed in yellow. The patent leather shoes were made in Paris, and are rosetted at the side in patent leather and rhinestones



ANITA STEWART

EMPHASIZES THE IM-

PORTANCE OF DETAIL

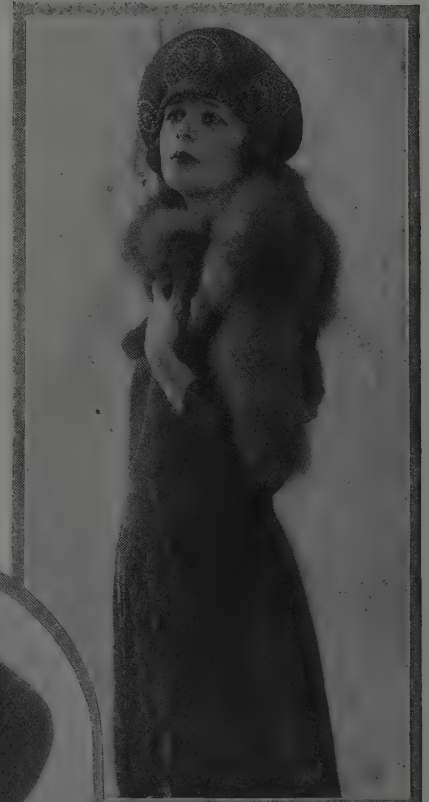
IN DRESS



Edward Thayer Monroe

White satin, that ever-charming evening frock, depends on a youthful draping in front with a pearl buckle and a looped panel of pearls at the back. She uses a black lace fan with effect

Black velvet is equally youthful for afternoon or evening, and when it is very décolleté and collared with grey fox, of course, it is flattering. The grey ostrich feather emphasizes the charm of color and line



Ira L. Hill Studio

A one-piece frock for any occasion is fashioned of sapphire blue velvet brocade with a straight bodice of the plain velvet girdled in a narrow band of satin. Three-quarter sleeves are shaped with unique bands and bows of satin



Ira L. Hill Studio

LENORE ULRIC

IN FURS FOR DAY

AND EVENING WEAR



The very latest evening wrap! A background of black satin with Chinese designs in brilliant shades of silk. It is faced throughout with jade green and trimmed with lynx. The interesting sleeves form huge cape effects

(Oval)

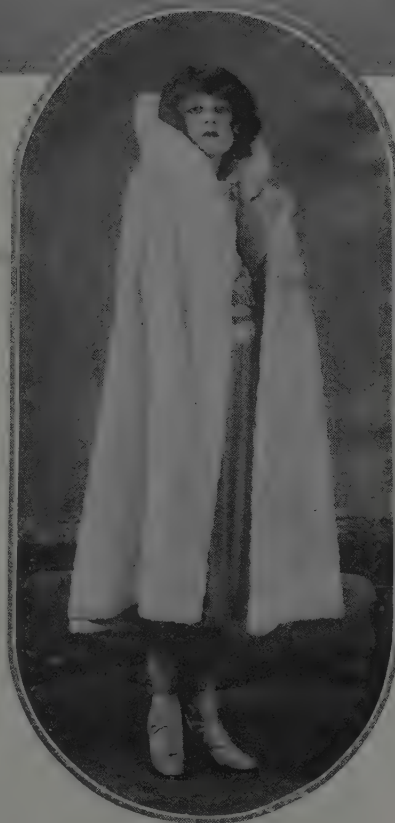
When an ermine wrap is long and circular in cut, without a hint of ornamentation, then it is most enticing! Miss Ulric chooses a full model with the pelts applied horizontally

Ira L. Hill Studio

Furs from Gunther's



A sporty fit model, indeed, and just the thing for motor wear! The lining is a marvel of sunset gold, bordered in satin brocade



A smart fur coat follows the fashion with snug fitting bodice of seal and circular skirt of squirrel. The grey fur is repeated in collar and cuffs

Photos
White Studio



"The Inglenook," the delightful home of Lionel Atwill and his wife, Elsie Mackay, shows the influence of its chatelaines, in the formal hedges and garden walk which give it the quiet dignity and repose of an old English manse

The old pewter ware on the mantle adds the final touch to a dining-room that is at once simple and unaffected in both furnishing and arrangement





(Right)

Old firearms and brasses
lend added interest to
Lionel Atwill's study,
which is simplicity itself



The sort of living-room one would expect to find in a home with so intriguing a name as "The Inglenook." It has distinction and is decidedly a room to be "lived" in

The Promenades of Angelina

In which she is escorted to the new Greenwich Village and shown its latest manifestations

Drawings by Art Snyder



No visit to the Village is complete without a visit to the Shop of Sonia, of the famous locks. "In fact," says Tubby, "What is a Village without a Sonia!"

TUBBY and Edwin are such dears . . . both of them . . . always thinking of something amusing for me to do . . .

"Let's take Angelina to Greenwich Village," Tubby said on a certain evening. He had the air of one offering a suggestion totally fresh and unheard of. Whereat I exclaimed in scorn:

"Greenwich Village, indeed, Tubby! How original! Why I visited Greenwich Village in 1863 . . ."

"Yes" replied Tubby, with the calm that one who is sure of his ground can afford, "but have you been there recently . . . have you been there during the last year? As a matter of fact I know you haven't, and neither had I until last week. I was dragged protesting into a party to "do" the Village . . . expected to be bored stiff . . . and got the surprise of my life . . . Greenwich Village, it seems to me, made its reputation first, and is now beginning to live up to it . . . I must come back, I said to myself, and bring Angelina. She'd like this."

He enlarged a bit more, and I was persuaded. We decided on a week-day evening for our tour, as producing the best atmosphere . . . Saturday night there would be too many "trippers." And Tubby said our first stop should be the restaurant called "The Pepper Pot" . . . that was the realest thing in Bohemian atmosphere he had seen in this country. (Tubby started to be an architect when he was young, and once lived in the Paris Latin Quartier.) It would tune us in the right key for the rest of the evening . . . and would fortify us besides with most excellent food.

We found "The Pepper Pot" jammed . . . that is the main room, several steep steps down from the street level. And it had all the earmarks of your true Bohemia, as Tubby had hinted . . . low ceilings . . . candle-light . . . a pleasingly irregular shape fitted with nooks and corners and wooden seats along the walls. A

nook-and-corner disclosed itself at the back as a proper vantage point for us, and ensconced, we surveyed the place, smoky with the cigarettes of happy diners.

First of all Tubby pointed out on our table what charmed and fascinated us, and what he said he had christened as "the candle plant," with memory of the "modesty plant" of "The Cruise of the Kawa" fame.

"These 'candle plants,'" (you may see a picture of one at the right of the page) explained Tubby, playing naturalist for the moment, "are now indigenous to 'The Pepper Pot' restaurant of the Village, having been grafted from 'The Pepper Pot Club' of London . . . Once they have been planted in the neck of a thick tumbler, they grow with prodigious rapidity by throwing off shoots of young wax that form into weird and fascinating shapes . . . and only the ceiling and the fire laws prevent the sky from being their limit."

Our table had a modest young plant of two weeks growth . . . but at what seemed to



"The candle-plant," so christened by Tubby, which grows in "The Pepper Pot," and at which one lights one's inspiration and one's cigarette



For dancing and a bite in a dim, cosy and altogether becoming nook, Angelina liked "The Blue Horse," which is full of atmosphere

be "the King's table" in the center of the room there was an older and much larger candle plant, three or four feet high. This table was filled with young artists and newspaper men, we were told, and every few minutes someone jumped up from it and went

to the piano and played . . . popular stuff, but with a nice feeling for the soft pedal and a full extraction of the rhythm. Tubby and Edwin said how informal and human the atmosphere . . . and wasn't it like some of those places along the Seine.

And then Edwin discovered Sophie Braslau of the Metropolitan in one corner, and some good-looking man he said was trying to catch my eye . . . It turned out to be Signor Ciccolini, the young tenor of the Chicago Opera, who rose in his chair and smiled and bowed low in that easy and ingratiating and altogether delightful way that foreigners, and especially Italians, have . . . and our men haven't . . . And I don't believe they, the foreigners, are a bit more depraved because of those gracious tricks—though I know it's the popular American superstition to think so—nor that our men are a bit nobler without them. (Anyway, Signor Ciccolini was a devoted attendant on his so pretty blonde, American wife, fetching in jetted black and a fuchsia velvet hat . . .) And I do wish American men would cultivate kissing my hand the way my foreign young men do . . . and so I told Tubby and Edwin. Whereupon each promptly grabbed a hand and cried, "Nothing could be simpler, sweetest Angelina—and why haven't you mentioned it before!"

Suddenly I caught sight of the beautiful Marguerita Sylva, that world-famous "Carmen," standing up about to depart, and I rushed over to speak to her. She was with her aviator husband, Major Smith, and wearing the most fascinating "period frock" of black lace with long skirt hooped on the sides, and a big dashing cocarde of many-colored ribbons at the waist line. "Isn't this an interesting place!" she said. "We come often

(Continued on page 56)



A view of the South East End of the solarium at Burkeley Crest, Miss Billie Burke's home, showing Casement Craft Lace Curtains.



Since sunlight is so important in the room, overcurtains have been wisely omitted and the decorative touch which they usually give is supplied instead by the rich profusion of plants.

Casement Lace Curtains with a French heading and a green wool fringe emphasizing their simple beauty.



IN selecting curtains for the delightful sun parlor at the home of Miss Billie Burke (Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.), her decorator had the problem of softening without excluding, the sunlight.

Curtains that gave a sense of privacy without obscuring the view and yet expressed the charming individuality of Miss Burke were required.

Quaker Casement Craft Lace was chosen by Elsie Sloan Farley as the curtain most appropriate. The photographs show how successful the result was.

Booklet "CONCERNING WINDOW DRAPERY" on request

QUAKER LACE COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.





The Mark of Individuality

WOMEN'S instinctive desire is to possess individuality. ¶ Our discriminating clientele has recognized this requisite in our authoritative creations with quality and value unsurpassed.

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Ira L. Hill Studio

*Exquisite suggestions which, like old mosaics,
result in effective design when correctly used.
From B. Altman's.*

Delightful Trifles of Dress

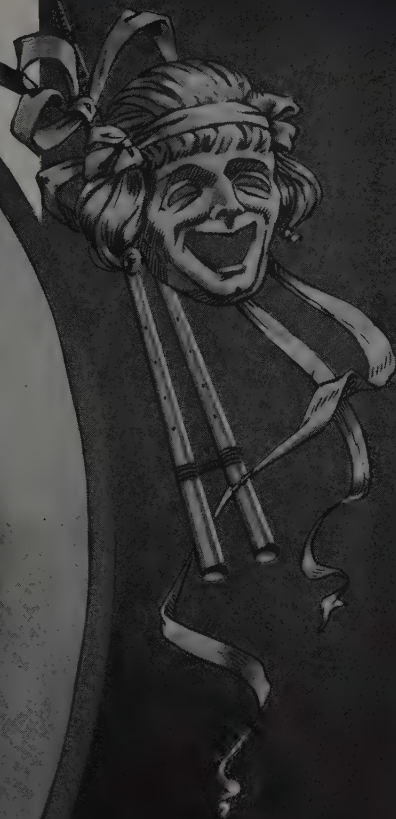
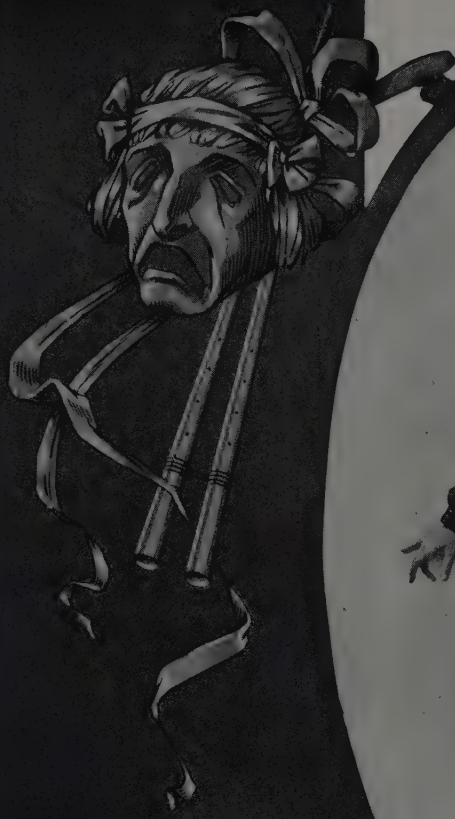
IF it is for the Christmas gift, the birthday gift, or just a gift of love, there is, perhaps, nothing that a woman of any age appreciates or desires more than one of "*les petites élégances*" of dress. The grace of a scarf, the coquetry of the fan, the witchery of a delicate Spanish comb, they all add infinite grace to graceful women. We can safely emulate our European sisters in this branch of artistry, for they have undisputed genius for wielding such trifles.

From France and Spain are imported the most dainty and ingenious fans, though Japan invented the folding fan which was introduced in France originally by Catherine de Medici. The most famous artists of France have not hesitated to lavish their skill upon this charming article, so why should it not be exploited as a work of art as well as an accessory to the costume.

At Altman's we have found a most exquisite assortment of "little things," all suggestive of Christmas and the Opera. A fan of cob-webby beauty is rather large, of old ivory lace, spangled with mother-of-pearl to harmonize with the lovely sticks. Scarfs are unusually attractive, of net or crepe, studded with jeweled designs. The slippers found in this shop are a bit different from those of other shops, and are known as the Balta shoe. The two shown in the photograph are very new—one of black satin finished with beading of steel, emphasizes the popularity of the sandal; the other of silver brocade wins with a remarkable heel of moderate proportions and a huge buckle.

The quaint old candelabras in the background are from France, with standard and shades of Chinese blue, decorated with crystal drops of intricate cut.

Betty Wales Dresses



Winsome Helen Hayes in three Betty Wales dresses, which help her vitalize the charm and bubbling buoyancy of youth in "Golden Days," the new Broadway success in which she stars.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

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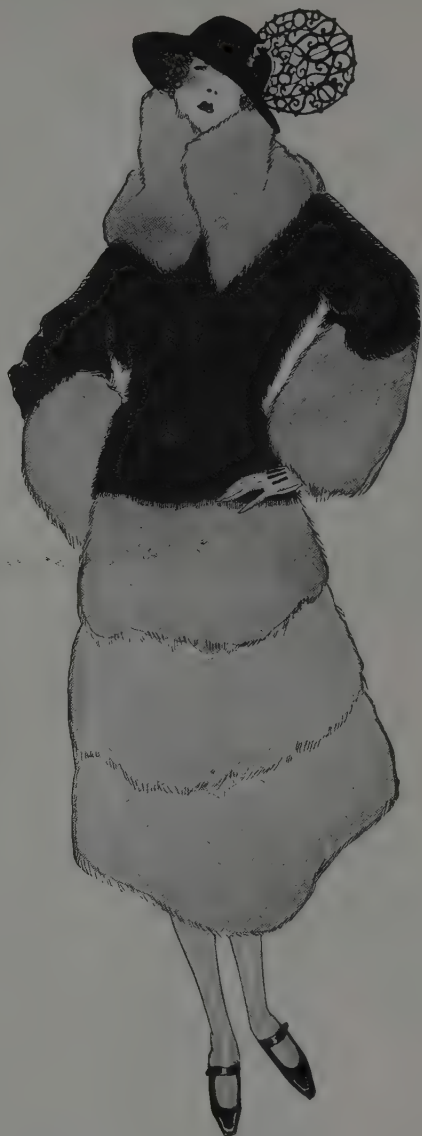


New York City



Betty Wales Dresses are unconditionally guaranteed and sold by only one dealer in a vicinity.





FURS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

Distinctive style features in Evening Wraps, Coats, Capes. Our own creations and original Importations.

Fur Sets for immediate delivery

Prices Attractive

Gunther

*Fifth Avenue
at
36th Street*

Furriers for More Than a Century



If you are of the lucky ones who have a standing invitation, you may drop in on one of Nikolas Murray's Wednesday nights, where, eventually, everybody connected with the arts comes

THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(Continued from page 52)

and stay late . . . I have to go early tonight, because I'm singing tomorrow morning before the Mozart Society . . . 'Carmen'. . . in costume. Do come and hear me, can't you?" . . . and Major Smith whirled her away.

Everybody was so jolly and at home, and we could easily have spent the rest of the evening there . . . but Tubby said we should be getting on if we were to see anything else, and the next stop was to be "The Blue Horse." But first we must drop in at "Sonia's." You couldn't properly be said to have done the Village without seeing Sonia . . . in fact you couldn't have a Village without a Sonia . . .

So Tubby took us to her little shop, and introduced us all around, and we saw the famous bobbed hair that poets have sung and artists painted, and saw the amusing things for sale. Edwin and Tubby bought me several different kinds of wonderful incense—which I adore—that Sonia specially imports . . . and cigarettes that she has specially made for her . . . the cunningest little breakfast tricks, just about big enough for three puffs . . . and long, slim elegant ones for after-dinner and liqueur and coffee . . .

And then Sonia herself graciously took us into "Lin's," next door, another famous Village spot, and we met that very pretty young lady . . . in a black velvet tam-o-shanter *mode Quartier Latin*, who decorates with her own fair hands the charming conceits and baubles one sees in her shop. Unusual porcelain and china and pieces of sculpture are on its shelves . . . just the place to go to buy a present for one of those difficult women "who have everything . . ." And so on to "The Blue Horse . . ."

"The Blue Horse," like "The

Pepper Pot" is comparatively new in the Village . . . One dances there . . . excellent floor and music . . . and has an after-supper bite in between times. We had ours in a low-lit room at one side, also nooked-and-cornered . . . a most cosy and *intime* feeling to it, inviting to confidences and flirtation. And if any woman couldn't look attractive in that dim and mysterious light, woe unto her! The decorations of "The Blue Horse," by Don Dickerman, have a unique fairy-story quality that exactly fits in with its name . . . and its hostess, Miss Kemper, is one of the most gracious and charming in town.

I wanted to stay there and dance the rest of the evening but Tubby said we must look in on his good friend Barney Gallant at "The Greenwich Village Inn," and have a dance there. And after that we dipped into "The Pirates Den" for a minute, because though that belongs to the early days of the Village, like the "Inn," it is an institution and must be seen . . . and I had never happened to go there.

By that it was almost twelve, and since it was a Wednesday, just the hour to drop in at Nikolas Murray's off the Square. Nikolas Murray's Wednesday nights are celebrated . . . the whole artistic world and his wife can be seen there some time during the winter. We found the lights out, and everyone gathered round a huge open fire, while Tato Nachio, the South American pianist, played . . . Ina Claire was in the group, and Willy Pogany, and Serbian Desha, the dancer, and as many more celebrities whom I haven't space to tell . . .

And so home . . . the three of us . . . around one A. M. vowing to the inconstant moon to come back Villagewards as soon as possible.



Miss Julia Sanderson

MINERALAVA, so long known in beauty shops to leaders of the fashionable and stage worlds, is being used at home. Ask at better department stores and druggists for Mineralava Beauty Clay and Mineralava Face Finish—sufficient for two months' treatments, or more. Miss Julia Sanderson suggests that a first trial will be a revelation to any woman.

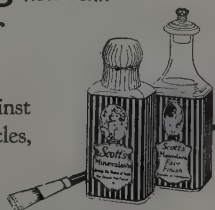


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—your safeguard against
wrinkles, sagging muscles,
and blemishes



Trial Opportunity: Two applications of Mineralava Beauty Clay postpaid in tube for 25c.

Mrs. M. G. Scott, Scott's Preparations, Inc.,
6 E. 37th St., New York City

- ☐ Enclosed find 25c (stamps _____, coin _____)
—please send tube of Mineralava Beauty Clay
sufficient for two full treatments.
- ☐ I am interested in Mineralava—please advise
me where I may obtain it in this locality.

Name _____

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MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: Like all articles of merit, Mineralava has its imitators. The genuine contains absolutely nothing which can harm the most delicate skin. Insist on MINERALAVA—Beauty Clay and Face Finish. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.



The SUPREME SILKS for MEN'S SHIRTS

EMPIRE LOOMCRAFT SILKS

There is something about a silk shirt far deeper than mere satisfaction in being well dressed — the fine texture, soft to the skin, its warmth in cool weather, its cool touch in heat, and its long useful life.

*But its silk must be one of the —
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Loomcraft Silks
famous for beauty
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"The Silks that Set the Fashion"
a booklet worth having.*

*The hall-mark of the true silk craftsman
is the Empire Loomcraft Silk label.*

EMPIRE SILK COMPANY
315 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

BILLIE BURKE has told us a very interesting thing in connection with perfumes . . . Miss Burke, who is playing in Booth Tarkington's "Intimate Strangers," at the Henry Miller Theatre, "loves perfumes." Not too well, but wisely . . . She has made a great study of them . . .

"Perfumes are stimulating, and they are soothing," she says. "They are stimulating for yourself, as well as for the people round you. And nothing can appeal more to the imagination, or more quickly revive old memories and sentiments than a perfume. If I were a woman trying to resuscitate the embers of a dying flame," laughed Miss Burke, "I should lean heavily on the perfume end of it . . . the perfume he loved 'in the days that were,' so to speak.

"Though, as a matter of fact, that wouldn't do in my own case because I use so many perfumes . . . this for a certain dress or occasion or mood, that for another one . . . I think many modern women do, don't you . . . I know a lot of them, especially actresses . . . instead of having just one as they used to. It is the newer note. Still, there's much to be said on both sides."

But that's not the particular "interesting thing" we started out to tell you . . . Only, we knew you'd like to hear whatever Miss Burke had to say . . . She is so individual . . . and there is no more fascinating subject in the world than perfumes . . .

No . . . what she said that peculiarly arrested our attention was, that she is so devoted to perfumes . . . they mean so much to her and she is so sensitive to their influence, that on many occasions she even gets a special perfume for the part she is going to play.

"To have a perfume that seems to fit the personality of the woman I am going to impersonate helps put me 'into' the mood and character. It was a bit difficult to get the right perfume for Isabel in 'The Intimate Strangers' . . . it had to be a perfume very feminine, something typical of many women, yet with a modern note . . . a blend of the old and the new. Nothing in my own repertoire of perfumes seemed just 'it.' I went around to several of my favorite perfume counters sniffing and sniffing.

"Finally, my pet saleswoman said, 'Try this violet, Miss Burke' . . . Violet. I thought, that's the right idea . . . that's what I want . . . and this violet was absolutely delicious . . . just like the fresh flowers. And what do you suppose! I was so astonished . . . it was an American make, a well-known American manufacturer. I had never thought I could use anything but French perfumes before. If I had known these American manufacturers could compete so successfully with the French I should have included their perfumes in my collection long ago. Since then I have bought several of them . . . their rose is as delicious as their violet . . . it, too, smells like the fresh flower . . . and there is an enticing Oriental odor."

The moral of Miss Burke's tale is two-fold:

First, we say to ourselves, says we, if perfume can help put an actress "into" a personality on the stage, why can't it help in the same way off the stage? It can . . . Choose the type of lady you wish to be for the day or the hour, a langorous, Oriental type . . . a sweet, demure, young thing . . . a "blend of the old and new" (as Miss Burke called it), and let your perfume black-magic you into your part. How about it?

Second, take to heart what Miss Burke says about the merits of the American perfumes!

(If you wish to know the names of the three perfumes specially mentioned by Miss Burke in this article, write The Vanity Box, Care the THEATRE

MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City)



A New Note in Youthful Styles

HAPPY companions are springtime and Youth-time, for do not spring and the freshness and bloom of Youth go hand-in-hand?

For spring, the House of Youth has created just the type of youthful styles in Coats, Suits and Dresses that express that vivacious spirit. The new modes portray every advance fashion note. The fabrics, the colors, the trimmings—all are distinctively, exclusively Springlike! Youthful! The spirit of Youth itself smiles at you from these delightful clothes.

Exclusive dealers are now featuring advance spring House of Youth styles. If you cannot locate your store, please communicate with us.

SCHULMAN & HAUPTMAN

38 East 29th Street, New York City
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"Doris Goes Shopping"

an interesting booklet will be sent you free at your request.

The House of Youth
CREATORS
Exclusive Apparel
For Misses

COMPLEXIONS CULTIVATED OR CAMOUFLAGED?

Which shall it be?

IF you wish merely to play make-believe with your complexion, there are to accommodate you hundreds of more or less pretentious "make-up parlours" throughout the length and breadth of this magnificent land. It is just as well to be outspoken.

But if, intelligently, you are looking for something that will make your complexion loyal and your own, then your choice is very small indeed. And it is so small because in that entire feminine activity known as beauty cultivation there is really only one person who warns you against the fallacy of confusing the complexion with the skin.

That person is Madame Helena Rubinstein, who states pointedly that if you take care of your skin your complexion will take care of itself. The complexion, in its natural state, is only the particular natural colouring of a particular skin. If the skin is "in the pink of condition", the complexion must follow suit.

It follows that if your skin does not receive the treatment it is entitled to, you may, just as likely as not, have to spend the rest of your days putting on and taking off your complexion. It is, indeed, just as well to be outspoken, but treatment means proper treatment. It means treatment proper for you.

In London and in Paris, from New York to San Francisco, and in the Antipodes, the name of Madame Helena Rubinstein stands for Beauty—beauty awakened, developed, not camouflaged. Where Royalty rules and Society dictates, where Professions demand perfection of profile and face-oval, purity and charm of complexion, wherever women remain true to their beauty instincts, there the art that is Madame Rubinstein's asserts itself. If you are unable to take more complete, thorough-going treatments at Madame Rubinstein's establishments, you can still proceed on the same wonderful "make-your-skin-work" principle and administer to yourself those world-famed "home treatments"—of which a few are mentioned here.

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD which gradually dispels discoloration and is an unequalled support of that health-bringing and clarifying skin action, without which no woman's complexion can subsist in true beauty. It is therefore essential at all seasons of the year. In jars at \$1.25, \$2.50 and \$7.00.

VALAZE ROMAN JELLY to counteract crows feet, lines, flabbiness of the throat and relaxed muscles. Price \$1.50, \$3.00 and up.

VALAZE MASSAGE & CLEANSING CREAM. Whenever one returns home from an outing, or when the skin is not in a condition to tolerate soap, or when it is dry or inclines to dryness—

this preparation will prove itself to be the most efficient skin Cleansing Cream known. Price \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.50 and up.

VALAZE BAUME BLANC remedies spots, rashes, soreness and allays irritation. Price \$1.75 and up.

ROUGE EN CREME (Boite doree) a rich "humanized" fruit hue, luscious, limpid, lasting—betraying no artificiality. \$2.00. This identical quality in a more elaborate container, \$6.50.

SPECIALTIES IN POWDER. Madame Rubinstein has made a special study of powders and is the only specialist who supplies face powders for various skin conditions: Valaze Complex-

ion Powder for normal and oily skin, and No-vena Poudre for dry skin. At \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$5.50 a box. Also, Poudre No. 3, which is not to be used for the whole face, but only for such parts of it as are inclined to be red, glossy, or "shiny," as the nose and chin, the whole face then to be powdered over with ordinary powder. \$1.50.

VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREAM. An outdoor cream ensuring wonderful adhesion of powder: for normal and somewhat oily skins. Price \$1.10, \$2.20 and up.

VALAZE CREAM OF LILIES. Another outdoor cream for dry skins. Price \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.50.

Madame Rubinstein will gladly answer any inquiry as to her specialties. When ordering, add war tax of four cents on the dollar and pro rata. For points west of Mississippi River prices are 5% higher; in Canada plus duty and exchange.

Helena Rubinstein

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NEW YORK
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They're delightful to use—these preparations of Leona Libbe—and they leave you refreshingly clear-skinned and radiant

—Alma Tell

Leona Libbe Introduces a New Beauty Treatment

*The newest feature of
which is Baume
Radiant*



Baume Radiant, a delightfully stimulating cream with a pungent odor like healing pines, is the modern successor of the repulsive old clay mask. It lifts and invigorates every cell of the skin and underlying muscles. Cheeks that hint at sagging, a neck that begins to seem flaccid, a chin that has lost its youthful firmness, all respond to Baume Radiant. When it is wiped away, all facial weariness goes with it. \$3, \$8, \$15.

Supplementing this are these two other exquisite preparations which complete the perfect treatment.

Creme Leona not only cleanses, but relaxes and nourishes, smooths and clears. \$1.25, \$2.50, \$4.50.

Face Tonic is a cooling liquid which closes languid pores, and brings out a radiant clarity of color. \$1.25, \$2.

Leona Libbe invites you to her "Beauty Box," a lovely place of rose and silken things, where she herself will give you a complete treatment.

Leona Libbe
BEAUTY BOX

166 West 58th Street, New York



They
Make
Ex-
quisite
Gifts

On Sale at
B. Altman & Co.
Stern Brothers
James McCreary & Co.
Lord & Taylor
Arnold, Constable & Co.

Send 25c for a trial
jar of Baume Radiant

GRASSO CAPTURES NEW YORK

(Concluded from page 14)

itself. It is our inheritance from the centuries back of us.

"And we, Italian actors, know we cannot fool our public. Why was it my poor friend Caruso was always nervous when he sang? Not because of the fine ladies and gentlemen in the diamond horseshoe, but because of his compatriots up in the gallery. He knew what one false note would do to them. You see Art grows in Italy—it is natural—just as it will be natural here when you are an older country. America that has already expressed its genius in such overpowering constructiveness—!"

"If you went from the Bowery to Broadway"—I ventured to interrupt, "would you make concessions as other stars, transplanted from the East Side, have had to do. Would you temper Sicily to Broadway?"

"Oh, I could never do that—"

"Not even for money?" I insisted.

"Never—never. Whether one plays on the Bowery or on Broadway, one must play truthfully. There would be no meaning to a Sicilian actor portraying Sicilian life if the atmosphere in toto were not reproduced in Sicilian manner. A thing is natural or it is not natural. There is no compromise in Nature."

The dinner and the conversation were at an end.

"Here's hoping you come to Broadway—just as you are—without a single digression from reality—" I said.

"Grazia, Signorina—many, many thanks for your kind wishes. Yes, it is a beautiful hope—"

CASTING A PLAY

(Concluded from page 8)

further flashes of teeth, the gathering up of furs and hand bag, a warm handshake, and exit small, stout lady who was on the bill with Booth.

And so it goes on, day after day, the busy irrepressible agent becomes more and more cheerful under worse and worse predicaments. He runs the gamut of his list of available talent. He brings up old men for young boys and young boys for old men, gorgeous creatures for demure matrons, little mothers for rampaging débutantes, lovely vamps for parson's daughters, clinging vines for poison ivy, business men for portrait painters, athletic giants for writers of sob-stuff, and romantic persons for hold-up men. All, all his list is brought along by twos, by threes, by battalions. The outer office, always cramped, bulges with his children from eleven to four. He might be trying to establish a community, rather than endeavoring to cast a play. Finally, the inevitable process of compromise arrives, like Autumn on the heels of Summer, like life in the wake of a dream. A cast is obtained, the play goes into rehearsal and when it comes into New York, after the scenery has been made shabby by a try-out and the dresses damaged and the Manager given no inkling of the play's worth, having seen it in a theatre large enough for "Ben Hur," and heard nothing, then everybody tells you what you have known all along. The dramatist's life, like that of the policeman, is not a happy one.

VAUDEVILLE'S JUBILEE

(Concluded from page 36)

INTERVIEWING THE STARS

(Concluded from page 34)

different capacities, as the impresario who had arranged this gigantic revue, as a producer, as a composer, an actor and an all-around genius.

"My chief desire in producing this revue," he said, "was to make it as good as it possibly could be and yet to eliminate waste. This production was no last minute affair, slapped together over night, then slashed to pieces and rebuilt. On the contrary, we planned it for one entire year, studiously, every detail, every exit, every entrance.

And now that the Revue is done, I want to write a ragtime grand opera that will be full of the real American spirit and will thrill and inspire the good American public."

a new standard in wholesome and delightful entertainment for the New York public. Word quickly went about that the best place to be amused in the city was the Union Square. Those who had hesitated at the new vaudeville, because of the taint which had so long hung over variety, gradually joined the throng. Family parties became a regular event. Vaudeville had arrived.

Many of the great stars of the legitimate stage appeared at the old Union Square in the early days. Hence, the audiences were privileged to see such actors and actresses as Clara Morris, Robert Hilliard, Rose Coghlan, Bessie Abbott, Weber and Fields, Ching Ling Foo, Blanche Ring, John Mason, Virginia Harned, Effie Shannon, and others too numerous to mention.



Let this book be the Guide!

"THIS BOOK" is Ovington's Christmas Book, perhaps the most famous guide to gifts in all the world.

It is ready now, just off the press in fact, and between its covers you will find nearly 400 suggestions which are unmatched for variety, novelty and good taste.

The Edition is limited and the demand generally exceeds the supply, but we suggest you write for your copy before you plan the purchase of a single gift.

OVINGTON'S

"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue"

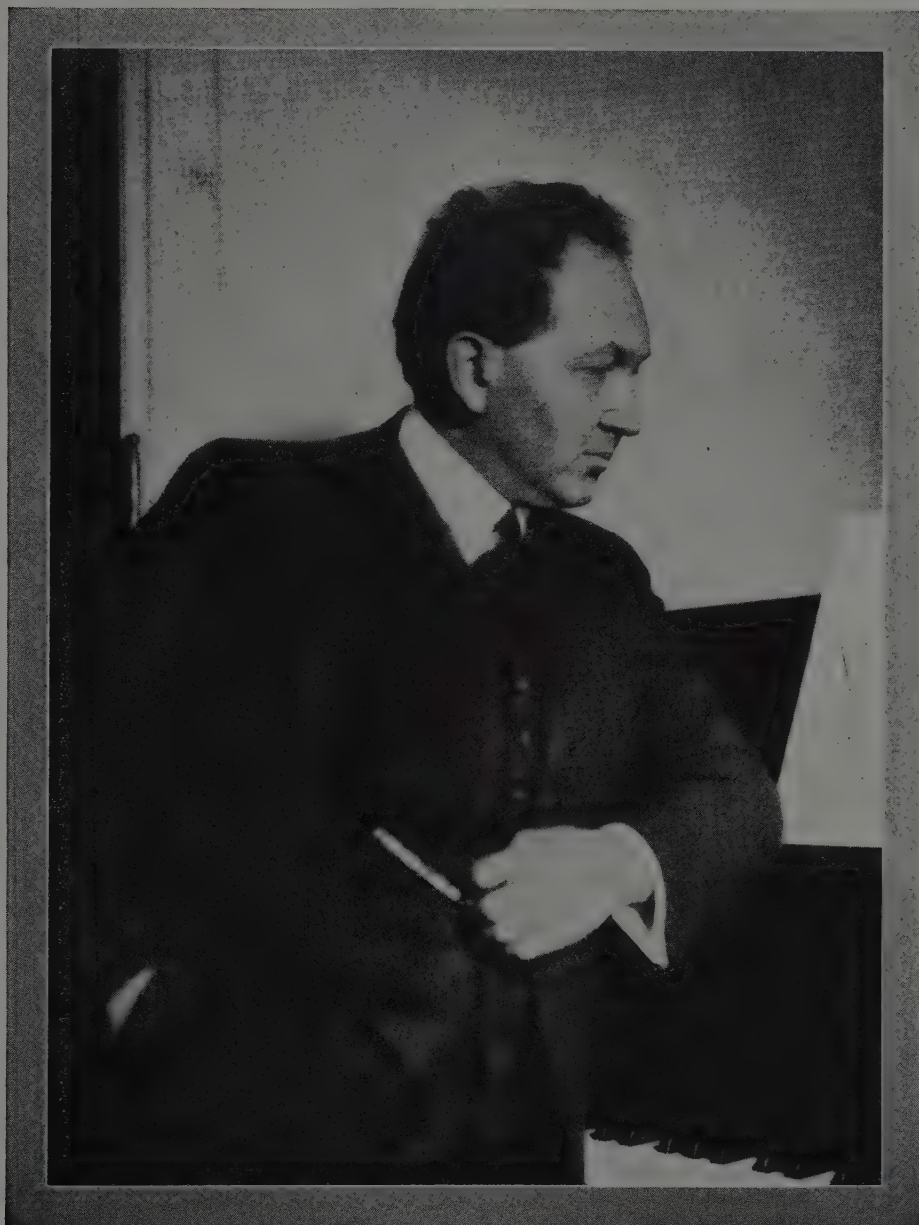
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AT 39TH STREET

BRUNSWICK

Exclusive Artists

Number One of a Series



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

In common with other great artists of the day, Leopold Godowsky, pronounced the world's master pianist, has chosen Brunswick Records on which to perpetuate his art. Most notable among his recent releases are:

Impromptu in A Flat (Brunswick Record No. 30016)

Liebestraum (Brunswick Record No. 30019)

which may be heard at any Brunswick dealer's.

NOTE: Brunswick Records Can be Played on Any Phonograph.



Be More Careful of your teeth—combat the film

If you are brushing your teeth in a wrong way, learn what this new way means.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

Make this ten-day test and let the results show you what really clean teeth mean.

That dingy film

Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolor and decay because the old ways of brushing do not effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. That is what discolors—not the teeth.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth paste—called Pepsodent—for daily application.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

They mean such cleansing, such protection as old ways never brought. Get this 10-Day Tube and see how much they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which also acts in other essential ways. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free^{75¢}

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 510, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

What you will see

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific reasons for the other good effects. It will mean a new era in teeth cleaning.

"THE BAT" A EUROPEAN SENSATION

(Concluded from page 28)

living representations of the absurd pictures taken at stupid photograph galleries. "Babi" shows us an exterior highly stylized and before it a row of peasant women in red, yellow, and cerise, singing a piercing, cackling song in voices as strident as their costumes.

"The Fiancés of Moscow," is another case in point. Two walls of an interior meet in the center of the stage at a sharp angle. And such walls! They are like great shawls of brilliant blue with diagonal stripes of deeper blue and green. At the junction is a table with a samovar and an ikon above it; through the window and the door are vistas of mad color. And the Fiancés, themselves, are in the wildest combinations of red, blue, purple and green.

A SCENE from Tchekhoff also satirizes certain types, showing the pulling of a tooth by a very unsanitary, very irregular, and very determined dentist. There is a burlesque hunting episode; and there are duets, quartets, and choruses in make-ups that display a marvellous sense of caricature.

Then we have characteristic peasant dances like the "Trepak," done before a drop screaming with color; and songs of the gypsies, clustering in the square at night. Perhaps the most compelling scene of Russian life is that of the Black Hussars. The stage is almost in darkness—with the pale moon and a single evergreen visible through a window at one side—but is fitfully lighted by the flame rising from a wick burning in oil on a center table. About this table a group of Hussars are singing their songs the night before the battle, their reckless voices startling in the alternate light and shadow.

Among the numbers of a more general locale we have several dances: a lesson in the Pavane by an ancient master and a youthful pupil; a Chopin Mazurka by two figures in a dim light against a background of black, broken in the center by an open shaft, showing a scene full of warmth and color; a gavotte executed by a youthful pair before portraits of their ancestors who sing of their own dancing days in the past; and "It Was In the Month of May"—two old people dressed in the height of their own quaint fashion, singing a duet and dancing slowly, precisely, exquisitely a dance of their youth—a perfect bit of sentiment technically reinforced by a remarkable combination of rhythm and retardation in the dance.

Then there are numbers with more dramatic content. A Chinese

tragedy portrays the balance of destiny. The background is an exotic whirl of decoration with bronze gods in the center. In the first scene the Mandarin is seated on his throne at one side, the executioner in mask of hideous brutality is standing enthroned and the Mandarin prostrate woman tied with a cord held by the executioner. The Mandarin grants pardon to the woman because of her beauty. In the second scene the positions are reversed—the woman enthroned and the Mandarin prostrate. Though he has stolen to enrich her, she refuses to pardon him and orders that he be led away to death.

One of the dramatic high lights in the repertoire is a mediaeval episode called, "The King Commands the Beating of the Drum." Against black curtains there is a scarlet throne occupied by a pallid, dilletant King, and a pale, statuesque Queen with a brilliant Court Jester at their feet. A young Marquis presents his bride to the King who covets and demands her for himself. Into this despair of the lovers breaks the Queen presenting her rival with an armful of red roses which poison her instantly. The King raises his hand, and outside, the drum is sounded for the execution of the Queen. Each stage of the action is closed with a nonsense refrain sung by the Jester whose mobile face and flexible voice reflect the mood of every change in the action. The whole is magnificently mimed and ends in a climax of amazing beauty and reeking with dramatic irony.

THE orchestra, under the direction of Lucien Wurmser, plays an important part in the production, for almost all the fantastic and dramatic episodes are closely related to musical themes.

Next to the conception and direction of the theatre as a whole the most important factors in its success are, undoubtedly, the setting and costume designs by Soudeikin and Remisoff, who are exceeding modern and display a combination ability in decoration, stylization, and caricature. But the great figure "The Bat" is Nikita Balieff, founder and general director. He is a director of the kind Gordon Craig talks about—the creator of the phases of a production. Furthermore, Balieff has the personal qualities, the wit, and zest of a real comedian. He introduces all the numbers, explains them, and ties them together, establishing at once humorous and friendly relations with the audience. If "La Chauve Souris" comes to America with its person intact it ought to be a riot.

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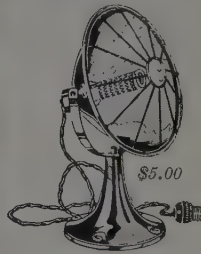
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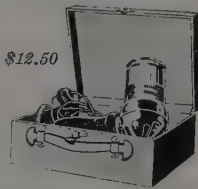
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Another splendid Victor record is Gounod's "Nazareth," sung by Reinald Werrenrath. Everybody at sometime or other has felt the thrill

and spell of this powerful hymn—"Though poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore"—and Werrenrath's deep, ringing voice adds new splendor to one of the most moving of all Christmas melodies.

And that every home may have its own "wait" singers by the candle light on Christmas Eve, the Trinity Choir has made a Victor Record this month of many of the oldest and loveliest and sweetest Christmas songs, hymns and carols. Among them, you'll delight to find "Christians, Awake," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," and other old favorites.

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 32)

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.
"WE GIRLS." Comedy in 3 acts, by
Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Pro-
duced November 9, with this
cast:

Pilgrim	William Lennox
Louisa	Minna Phillips
Mrs. Carter Durand	Mary Young
Frances Waite	Frances Neilson
Harriet Durand	Juliette Day
Officer Ryan	John McFarlane
Doctor Thomas Brown	Warren Krech
James Stedman	A. J. Herbert
Mrs. Embree	Cordelia MacDonald
Lucy Darragh	Marguerite Forrest
Winthrop Hale	Edward Fielding
Lawrence Ferris	Ray Wilson
Samuel Welsh	Thomas A. Rolfe

Mrs. Kirkland	Minna Gale Haynes
Richard Stanhope	Donald Gallaher
Elaine Jewett	Selena Royle
William Barclay	Robt. Fiske
Pattie Ellison	Jean May
Teddy Farnum	Russell Medcraft
Charlie Mason	Alexander Clark, Jr.

THERE is refreshment, almost re-juvenation, for jaded minds, in this "comedy of youth," called "Golden Days." If, on scanning the program, one fears the possibility of sitting through a pale reflection of "Seventeen," or "Clarence," this fear is quite lost sight of by the time the second act is under way. There is not much originality of plot to the comedy, but the young people with whom it is concerned, are "nice people," in a very different way from those in the Rachel Crothers' play of that name.

These are not blasé—they still have their illusions and their enthusiasms. They are not seriously concerned with sex problems, and they are spontaneous and full to overflowing with the joyous spirit of youth.

The story is simple—that of a poor little country girl who has been thrown over by her young man when he comes into a fortune, said young man transferring his affections to a more sophisticated New York maiden.

A kindly aunt—with loads of money—hearing of the affair, steps in and plays the fairy godmother to her quiet little niece; using as a "right bower" so to speak, the willing services of a wealthy and likeable young man to bring the recalcitrant lover to heel. And the outcome, though not just what one at first expects, is quite satisfactory.

Helen Hayes, by her charming manner, her lack of any apparent effort, and her quiet surety of touch at every point, adds, in Mary Anne, another interesting portrait to her fast growing collection, and takes another advance step in her art. Her supporting players are in the main good, and in some cases, very good. Minna Gale Haynes, as the wealthy aunt, with her exquisite air of refinement and good breeding, is a pleasure to look at and listen to. Donald Gallaher heads the list of the "really truly" young folks of whom the cast is largely composed, and plays with so much ease, naturalness and relish that you cannot help backing him to win—as he does in the end. Of the others, special word of commendation is due to Robert Fiske, Russell Medcraft, Alexander Clark, Jr., Jean May, and above all, to Jo Wallace, who stirs up frequent hilarity with her acting of a stupid servant maid. One must commend also, the introduction of a hint of the war background into the play, since of late it appears we need to be reminded that there was a war.

THE idea which forms the basis on which this new play of the Hattons is built, is not, by any means, a new one, having been used in both novels and plays. It is, however, one full of possibilities, which are not yet exhausted, even though a number have been used in this case to provide a breezy entertainment.

The story is about Mrs. Carter Durand, fair, not fat, but well over forty, who, passionately desiring to remain young and beautiful (and thereby, of course, attractive to men of all ages), keeps her nineteen-year-old daughter hidden away in one convent after another; and spends her time between doctors, beauty specialists, and a varied assortment of suitors. The daughter, being expelled from her last convent and wanting to live her own life, comes home and decides to force her mother to acknowledge her, and to give her a father whom she can love and who will buy presents for her. The manner in which the young lady, with the "last resort" assistance of a deaf old uncle, who is a twin brother of her mother, succeeds in doing this, forms the substance of the comedy which at times almost becomes farce.

Mary Young achieved a distinct success as Mrs. Durand, the foolish, frivolous—and selfish—mother; and no whit behind her in excellence of performance was Juliette Day, as the daughter.

The two served as foils for each other, and played into each other's hands on a high level throughout. They were surrounded by an able cast which included Warren Krech as bashful doctor; John McFarlane as a big and handsome "motorcycle cop"; William Lennox as a Henglish butler, and Edward Fielding, Ray Wilson and A. J. Herbert as Mrs. Durand's suitors.

GAIETY. "GOLDEN DAYS." A comedy in 4 acts, by Sidney Toler and Marion Short. Produced Nov. 1, with this cast:

Betsy	Jo Wallace
Miss Slissy	Florence Earle
Mrs. Simmonds	Blanche Chapman
Mary Anne	Helen Hayes

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By ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

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THE AMATEUR STAGE

The Community Theatre—Outdoors

(Continued from page 42)

then to build accordin'. Only such foresight can prevent such mistakes as that of a small Western city, which presented with an intimate Greek theatre, found that it had no dramatic organization to produce plays there, and discovered that the enclosed stage was useless for the sort of pageantry and dancing that its playground department had developed; or that of a college which, wishing for a theatre to house the many types of function for which the University of California utilizes its Greek stage, built, instead, the less expensive nature theatre, and then found that it was totally unfitted for concerts, lectures, intimate plays and other planned-for activities. Wherefor any community definitely desiring an out-door theatre, I freely advocate a fight on this point—that the organizing group quarrel almost to the point of bloodshed and separation. Without canvassing the possible local uses of an out-door stage and without recognition of the advantages and limitations of each type, good intentions, even with plenty of money, can only lead to the usual place.

The plays that go into out-door theatres may be classified into three general groups: First, the Greek dramas, and similarly close-knit, compelling tragedies of simple and noble form, which are "big" enough to dominate the bare classic stage, and which nevertheless need enclosing stage walls; second, idyllic and romantic plays, of the type of Shakespeare's comedies, which demand an enclosing background, but without the grandeur of the Greek "skene"—this group including also most of the poetic masques which are happily becoming popular; and third, pageants and other dramatic forms in which dancing, processions and extensive group movements are essential features, demanding the widest possible feeling of openness, naturalness and freedom. The first group fits perfectly, of course, into the Greek type of theatre, the second group belongs to the garden theatre, and to nature theatres designed with something of garden intimacy; and the third group, pageant-plays, belongs only to the large nature stage.

* * *

THE Greek theatre, thus limited dramatically in that pageants will always be out of place there, and only passably suited to a large group of favorite romantic outdoor plays, is still likely to be chosen rather than nature or garden theatres by most universities, schools and cities, for reasons unconnected with theatrical art; because it is the only type

of open-air playhouse fitted for concerts, for lectures, for civic meetings, and for a hundred other activities that demand at least a half-sense of enclosure. At present almost the only plays definitely fitted to its stage are the classics, the Greek tragedies first of all, certain of the French tragedies, and the starkest of Shakespeare's dramas, although a rollicking comedy like "The Merry Wives" or Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday" or a serious "drama" like "L'Aiglon" may get over successfully.

The history of the Greek theatre in America is still very largely the history of the fine structure at Berkeley. Having lived close to that theatre during the first decade of its existence, and having witnessed there the series of Greek plays presented by Margaret Anglin, a spectacular production of "The Little Clay Cart" from the Sanskrit, and several Shakespearean plays, plays in the original Greek tongue, and scattered revivals of various sorts, I can testify that any community that builds such a theatre, and brings to its stage such productions as these, will be doing itself a service that cannot be measured in any terms known to the ordinary theatre—a service to be valued only in revealed beauty and that sense of uplift which comes, perhaps, only with mass recreation under the open sky. I cannot think of any better tonic for our somewhat anæmic "art life" than this series of plays, with their unique appeal and loveliness, should be set down in one community after another, in local outdoor theatres, until great masses of people had enjoyed their inspiration.

* * *

IT is easy to see that the largest list of available plays is in the second grouping, idyllic and romantic drama. "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" head all lists, although Rosset's "The Romancers" has been almost as popular. Recently "Prunella" and "Pomander Walk" have disclosed a new loveliness in the open—witness the very recent performance of the latter by the Forest Hills Players—and Alfred Noyes' "Sherwood" is a favorite in forest theatres. Mary Austin's "The Arrow Maker" finds its best setting, too, on a woodland stage, as do such specialized productions as Percy Mackaye's bird-masque "Sanctuary." The list varies toward the classic in Jane Dransfield's "The Lost Pleiad," toward the local legendary in "Rip van Winkle," and back to the purely

(Continued on page 68)

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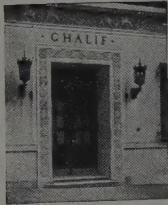
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The Amateur Stage

The Community Theatre—Outdoors

(Concluded from page 66)

romantic in "Pelleas and Melisande." And certainly even the briefest list must include Josephine Preston's "The Piper."

In entering upon any discussion of the third type of production, pageants, one plunges immediately into that question which never has and never will be settled with general satisfaction: the relative value of play and pageant in community life. The only sensible attitude is that neither type can take the place of the other, that each has its distinctive virtues and limitations, and that wide-awake communities will produce both purely dramatic play and pageant. It is no exaggeration to say that the civic life of many a city has been renovated if not revolutionized by the giving of a pageant. Occasionally the actual organization of pageant-committees and pageant-groups has been perpetuated as a permanent living force for civic good—an aspect of the work that should not be overlooked even by those who are primarily interested in the problems of production.

* * *

IN the pageant there exists for America a remarkably rich field of native dramatic endeavor, with a mine of local material which, in effectiveness, cannot be surpassed by all the traditional legends and customs of the Old World. If any American community fails to have its entertaining pageant, it will be because that community lacks spirit or because the playwright is inexpert, and not because local history fails to hold out thrilling tales of adventure, opportunities for broad ceremonial beauties, and affecting dramatic incidents. America has hardly more than scratched at the surface of this mine.

* * *

PERCY Mackaye has said of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley: "The outdoor stage at Berkeley has proved itself the noblest direct art influence in the San Francisco region." Having lived close to this theatre, and having benefitted by its influence, I heartily subscribe to such an estimate of its value to the community. After travelling in later years over a considerable part of the country, studying theatres of all types and productions of all sorts, I am ready to add that this same playhouse is probably the finest institutional theatre in America. We are notably lacking in a sort of dramatic institution which has much to do with the art life and the cultural life of many a city in Europe. Doubtless such theatres will come in America,

theatres producing their own play regularly, with a resident company supported by an interested and resident audience, housing occasional travelling attractions of the most dignified sort, and affording a center to which the community looks not only for its finer dramatic fare, but for a long series of concerts each year, lectures, meetings, perhaps even art exhibitions. Despite the failure of certain attempts to make such projects take root, I am as hopeful of ultimate establishment as I am of the development of a native art drama that will rival that of the wasting nations of Europe.

If our nearest approach to this ideal is at present an open-air theatre, if that far Western playhouse means more to its community artistically than any other American theatre means to any other city, that is only an indication that we need both indoor and outdoor institutions of the sort. All who have studied the situation know that the Greek Theatre should be supplemented with an indoor stage auditorium; but it remains true that no community without an open-air theatre could enjoy what Berkeley and San Francisco have enjoyed in their outdoor stage during the last eighteen years.

* * *

OPEN-AIR theatres are happy being proposed as war memorials, in place of the usual statues and columns and what-not. Certainly a more satisfactory memorial could be imagined than an architectural outdoor theatre: it combines usefulness with that monumental appearance which should be a consideration in any memorial project, it would become not only a center for much of the civic group-life of the city but a constant encouragement to a large art life, and it would always be a point of pilgrimage for strangers to the community. No "dead" monument could ever mean so much. Several communities have set out to realize such projects in memory of their soldier dead.

But memorial or no memorial, pageant or play, outdoor theatre or merely improvised stage, every bit of dramatic production in the open is a clear artistic gain to the community. It is recreation at its best—in the re-creation sense—and brings art into its closest relationship with life. An annual production in the open is likely to become the most important red-letter day in a city's art calendar. Only when those calendars grow, and only when they include community drama indoors and out, will we be able to boast a well balanced cultural life.